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YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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By the men . . . for the
men in the service



What So Proudly We Hailed

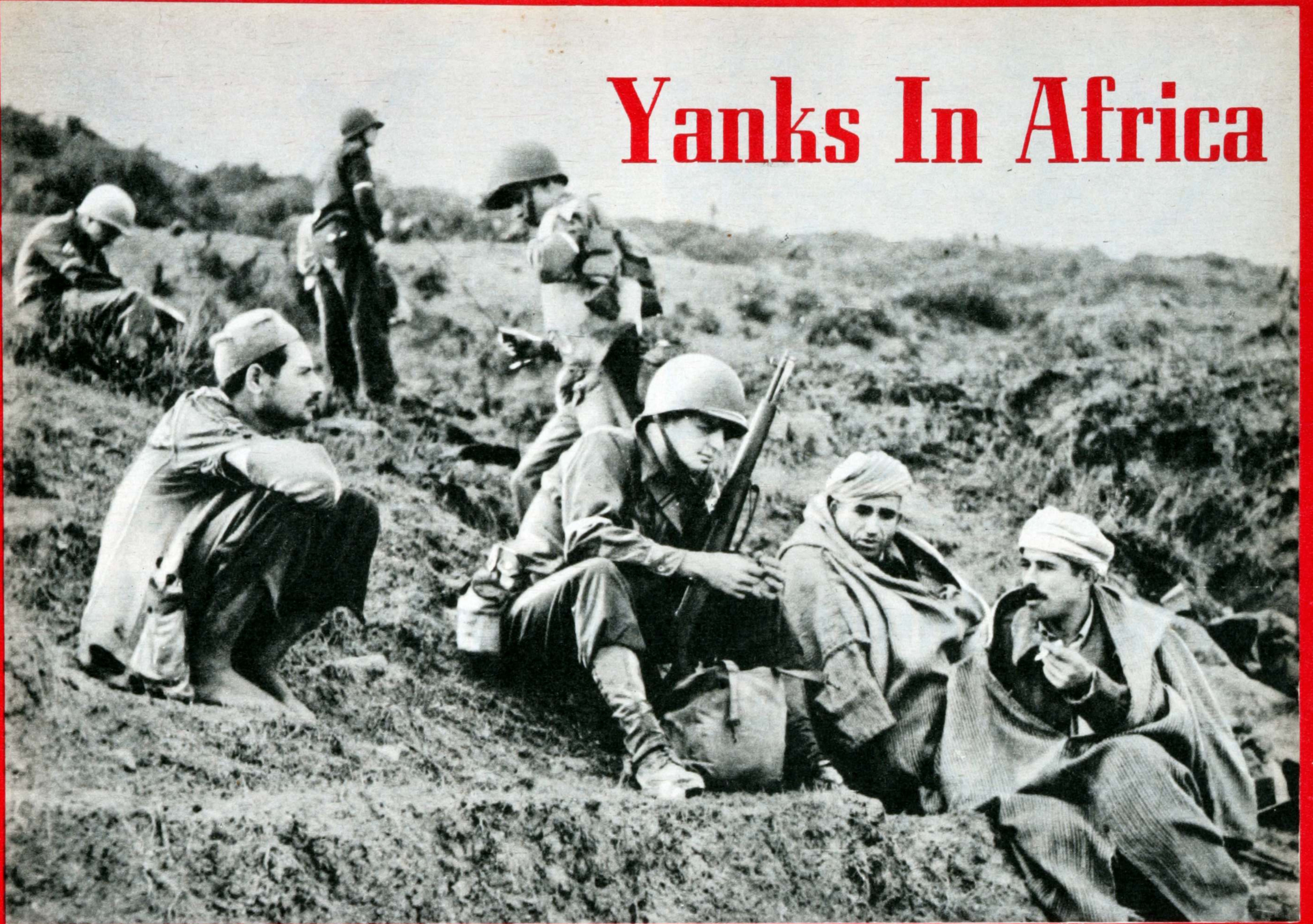
Not the French Foreign Legion but the American Expeditionary Force come to help the French in the Battle of Liberation from Hitler. Yanks are patrolling a French North African fortress which resisted for a time, explaining the walls pocked by our bombs.

Yanks In Africa

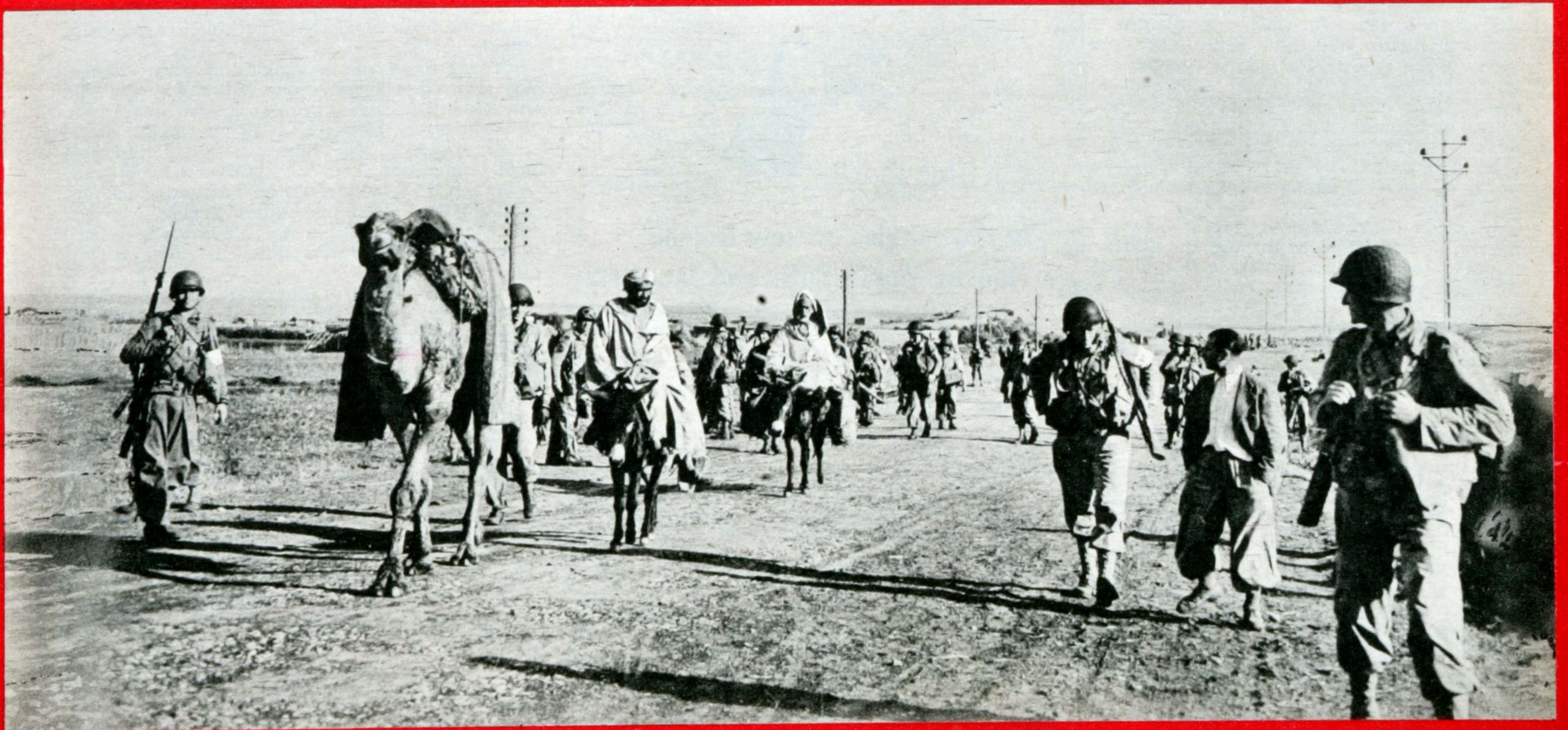
EN ROUTE THERE, AN ARMY BAND PLAYS TO THE TROOPS AS THEY STAND ON THE DECKS OF A BRITISH TRANSPORT



Yanks In Africa

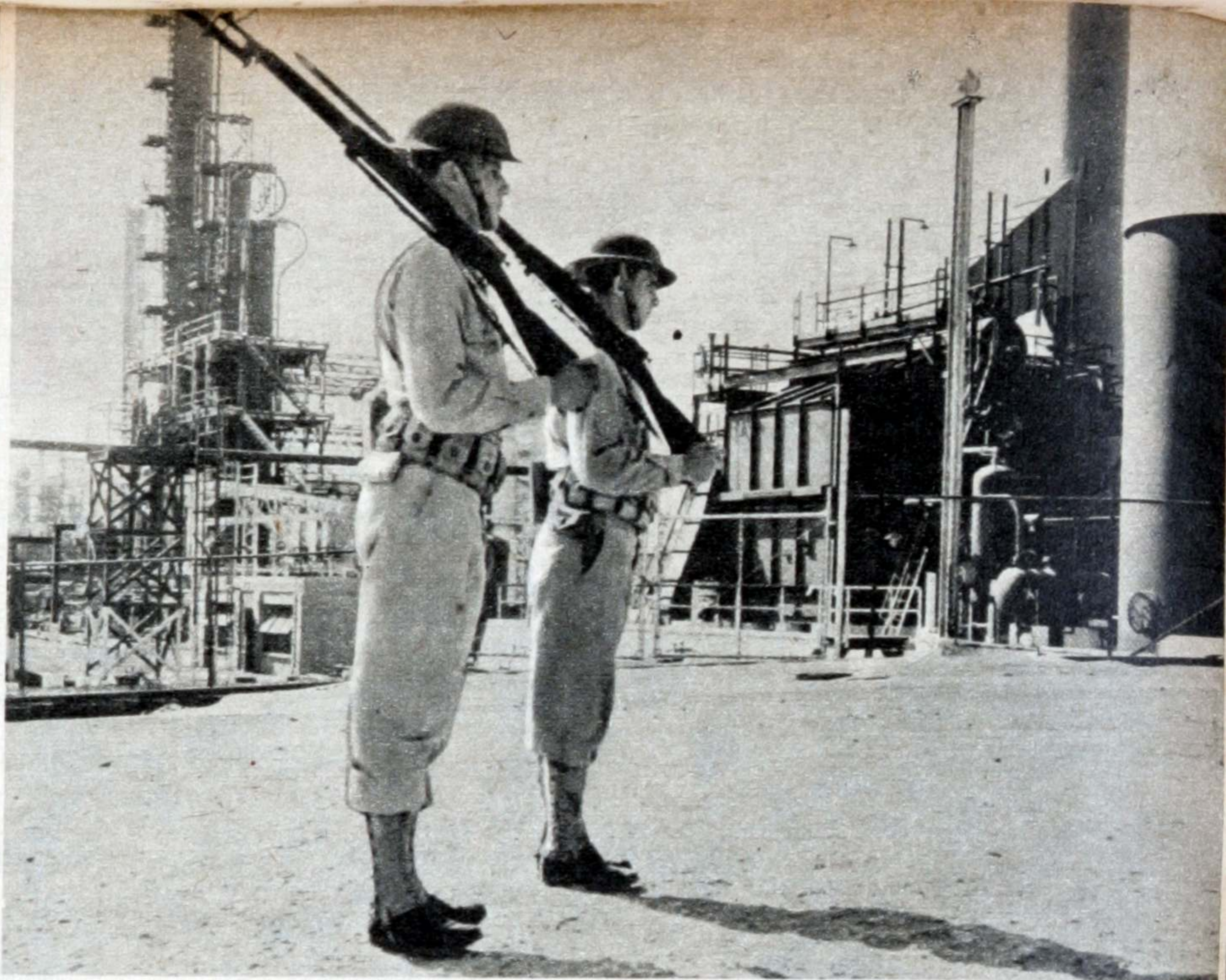


By nature friendly guys, the Americans lose no time making friends. Above, they chat—in who knows what language—to a trio of Arabs. And below, near Fedala, Morocco, they slog along beside a camel who seems highly pleased at their presence. Needless to say, the Germans weren't pleased. For last week, our forces and those of the British were deeper into Tunisia while the Eighth Army in the east was driving ever closer to Tripoli.





IN AUSTRALIA, two master sergeants, Charles Reeves, Bakersfield, Calif., and Roland Boone, Hemet, Calif., man the machine guns of a Flying Fortress.



IN DUTCH GUIANA, two American soldiers stand guard at the big Lago oil refineries on Aruba Island. Oil is what the creaking Axis can't get enough of.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LONDON PUBS TO SOUTH SEA LADIES



Mr. French Knows Wot's Wot In London Likker and Lager Line

LONDON—Edgar French, a pleasant little man with an astonishing knowledge of almost any subject that over-the-bar conversation can produce, probably knows more about Yank drinking eccentricities than any other man in England. Mr. French is the proprietor of Dirty Dick's pub on Curzon Street, opposite the Washington Club.

Until July 4 the bulk of Mr. French's business was serving the gentlemen's gentlemen who butted in swank West End homes. Occasionally two or three Yank M.P.s would straggle in. But on Independence Day, when the Red Cross opened the Washington Club for U.S. troops, Mr. French's business changed overnight. Thirsty Yanks virtually took over the place, and hardly a day now goes by without at least 300 of them, mostly on leave, dropping in for double Scotches or pale ale.

American drinking habits were not new to Mr. French; he had travelled through the States and observed them with a professional eye. But to his wife, who helps him, Yanks were strange creatures.

"A shot of whisky," one would order. "A shot?" she would echo perplexedly. Mr. French would sneak up beside her. "A measure, dear," he'd whisper. Within a week or two, however, Mrs. French had learned to deal with her new patrons. She could usually distinguish between a soldier well-versed in pub-crawling and one who had just arrived. The veteran would order lager or pale ale; the rookie, beer. English beer, or bitter, is served warm, and Mrs. French quickly learned that if she did not warn of this she would soon hear a grumble: "Hell, it ain't cold."

Now she may suggest pale or Graham's lager, which are closer to American beer than bitters. When a new arrival asks for a "rye high" or a Manhattan, as happens occasionally, she explains patiently that you just can't get rye in England.

A few Yank drinking habits amused Mr.

French's English patrons. The one which gave them the biggest kick was for a G.I. to demand the bottle (old PX style, remember?) to drink from. Another was paying for one's own drink individually rather than each man in a group buying a round. A custom which made most Britons raise their eyebrows slightly was the Yank knack of tossing off a shot neat, though Mr. French confesses that he, too, prefers to "kick both tonsils at once."

According to Mr. French, who is very polite, Yanks are beyond criticism in the way they carry their liquor. One lad who gave him considerable amusement, however, had the habit of dropping in for a quick double shot, ducking out, and then ducking in again perhaps 10 minutes later for a repeat. One day Mr. French tabulated his visits: total 22. Only then was it discovered what he did in the 10-minute interval.

He visited another pub down the street.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU



In the Jungles of New Guinea Natives Mooch Butts and Jeeps Fly

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—The arrival in New Guinea of a contingent of airborne American infantrymen—the first U. S. doughboys to go into a combat zone anywhere in this war on an offensive mission—was received calmly by the natives who are the only civilians left on this war-torn island. The bushy-haired members of some of the tribes indicated that they were thoroughly familiar with our habits by asking us at once for cigarets, and by looking sour, if not downright cannibalistic, whenever they were offered merely one of the cheaper brands.

The interest of the natives in our smokes is matched by the interest the riflemen have been showing in the natives, who in many cases have fulfilled our most picturesque hopes by being conspicuously undressed. The natives the Yanks have encountered up to now haven't been notably

savage, although one tribe of dusky porters admitted to an occasional fondness for headhunting. They live on a diet largely of rice and wheat meal, and chew a terrifically strong tobacco supplied them by the Australians which generally discolors their teeth.

The Yank's diet consists almost entirely of canned stuff, and some of the boys were surprised to learn that even potatoes, dehydrated, come in cans. There isn't much to eat outside of what's issued. There are no hot-dog stands or soda fountains in New Guinea, and if you want to supplement the G.I. ration you can do it only by getting hold of a cocoanut, a pineapple or a bunch of bananas. You can't buy anything else, either, and countless soldiers have taken perfectly good Australian coins and, by diligently hammering away at them with rocks, have converted them into handsome souvenir rings, which is probably as sensible a way of using up your pay as getting into a crap game.

The boys still gamble, but mostly just for the principle of the thing, since the winners, for the time being at least, aren't any better off than the losers. There isn't anything to drink, and it looks as if the only kind of bar the Yanks will be seeing for many months to come is a mosquito one.

In the mountainous jungles of New Guinea, the war is principally one of supply, and the American Engineers in this area have amazed the Australians by the speed with which they carve truck trails for the transportation of materials and ammunition. They have pushed through roads where it was held you'd be lucky to hack out a footpath. They have built a bridge over one stream in three and a half days, after a local observer predicted it couldn't be done in less than six weeks.

One detachment of Engineers, constructing a road, came upon a river that had to be bridged at a time when they were completely out of nails. Not at all abashed, they tied logs together securely by binding them with the stringy vines that abound down here and make the jungle so hard to get through.

And if you don't think these vines are tough, take the experience of a jeep driver who was plowing along a trail the other day when he came upon one hanging down over the middle of the road. Figuring that a jeep could go through anything, he merely stepped gaily on the gas, expecting to brush the annoying vine out of his way. The vine hooked under his front bumper and, before he knew what had happened, the front wheels of his buggy were dangling foolishly in midair.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

NEW CALEDONIA



The Cream of South Sea Belles Will Answer to Odette or Simon

NOUMEA, NEW CALEDONIA—Do you picture a South Sea Island as a place where beautiful girls in shredded-wheat skirts sing soulful melodies to soldiers who look like a cross between you and Stirling Hayden? Well, brethren, tain't so.

The ladies fall under three classifications—Javanese, Tonkinese and French. Taking them class by class, you know the Javanese because they are tiny, have delicate features with a definite Chinese hint about them, wear a wrap-around sarong affair or shapeless black pants, walk on clogs or in bare feet, and are "out of bounds."

The Tonkinese tend toward the heavyweight division. The missionaries thought they needed clothes and sold them on the idea. Guys back home are inclined to cuss the missionaries for this, but they are wrong. It was definitely a kindly thing the missionaries did for the onlooker when clothes were put on the belles of Tonkinese persuasion, even though the Tonkinese idea of style follows this line: Take one flowered bed quilt and cut a hole in the middle. Droop the quilt over the wearer's head, pulling head through the hole. Let the rest of the quilt drape by gravity. Tie up the sides. This gives the effect of a double scoop of ice cream starting to melt with a large brown prune capping the top.

French girls are any white women who an-

swer to the name of Odette or Simon. Whether you rate them as lookers depends on how long you've been here. If you are a fresh arrival, they may not look so good. But after six months or so, we are informed, they begin to look all right. Those phrases your dad learned in his war won't help much. They speak French but not that kind. For instance, when you take a girl home you don't say "au revoir." The correct way to leave the little lady is with "allez ta-ta."

There aren't any spirituous drinks legally—just milk shakes, lemonade (pronounced lee-mon-ahd), and a queer mixture of sweetness and dark water called "cafe." But from places unknown comes a tincture for internal use known as "Vieux Martinique." It is neither old nor from Martinique, but any port in a storm.

The topography of this island is largely upside down. There are mountains rising right up from the sea and there are mountains which seem to have fallen on their noses into the water. A standard-sized football field would be hard to find.

The palm trees the Tin Pan Alley boys use in their lyrics are strictly hothouse. Here and there you do see an anemic looking specimen, but either Florida or California can do better.

There's a sweetish aroma in the air most of the time which smells something like Fort Bliss at nightfall. This odor comes from burning naouli, a species of eucalyptus which is the local firewood.

To get back to the prosaic, if you are figuring on soldiering down this way, laundry averages 30 francs a week. That is about 75 cents and includes everything.

Butts are on issue. The ration changes from time to time but so far it has always been upward. Right now, the boys are getting almost all they can smoke.

Of course, in a climate like this, shirts open at the throat with a tie are the rule. Sun tans or fatigues are used only. Guys in the bush wear leggings, guys in town don't. Garrison caps are rarely seen. There is no complaint about any clothes shortage.

For recreation there are movies, a Red Cross game and reading room, several popular sand-

wich and soft-drink stands, radios, parties and dances now and then, and a dream of a white-sand beach where swimming is tops. Fishing gets quite a few devotees, and in the bush venison is a favorite food. The deer are so thick, it is said, that the natives look upon hunting as a moral duty to protect their gardens.

The French people are friendly, hospitable, eager to learn English and not at all adverse to having soldiers in their homes. Many of them "adopt" boys and these fortunate fellows go regularly to the homes for meals. Lots of these homes have daughters named Odette and Simon. The soldiers learn French very rapidly from people called Odette and Simon.

The Catholic cathedral is an imposing building on a hill that is quite popular with service men. Practically the whole population turns out for church. The only place Odette and Simon wear silk stockings is to church.

In case you are down this way, look up Sgt. John Galway who is our authority and guide. The sarge is a very friendly guy and is an authority on the sociological aspects of Noumea.

Sgt. LADD HAYSTEAD
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

The Private Who Ran to 7s, Or the Mysterious Musette Bag

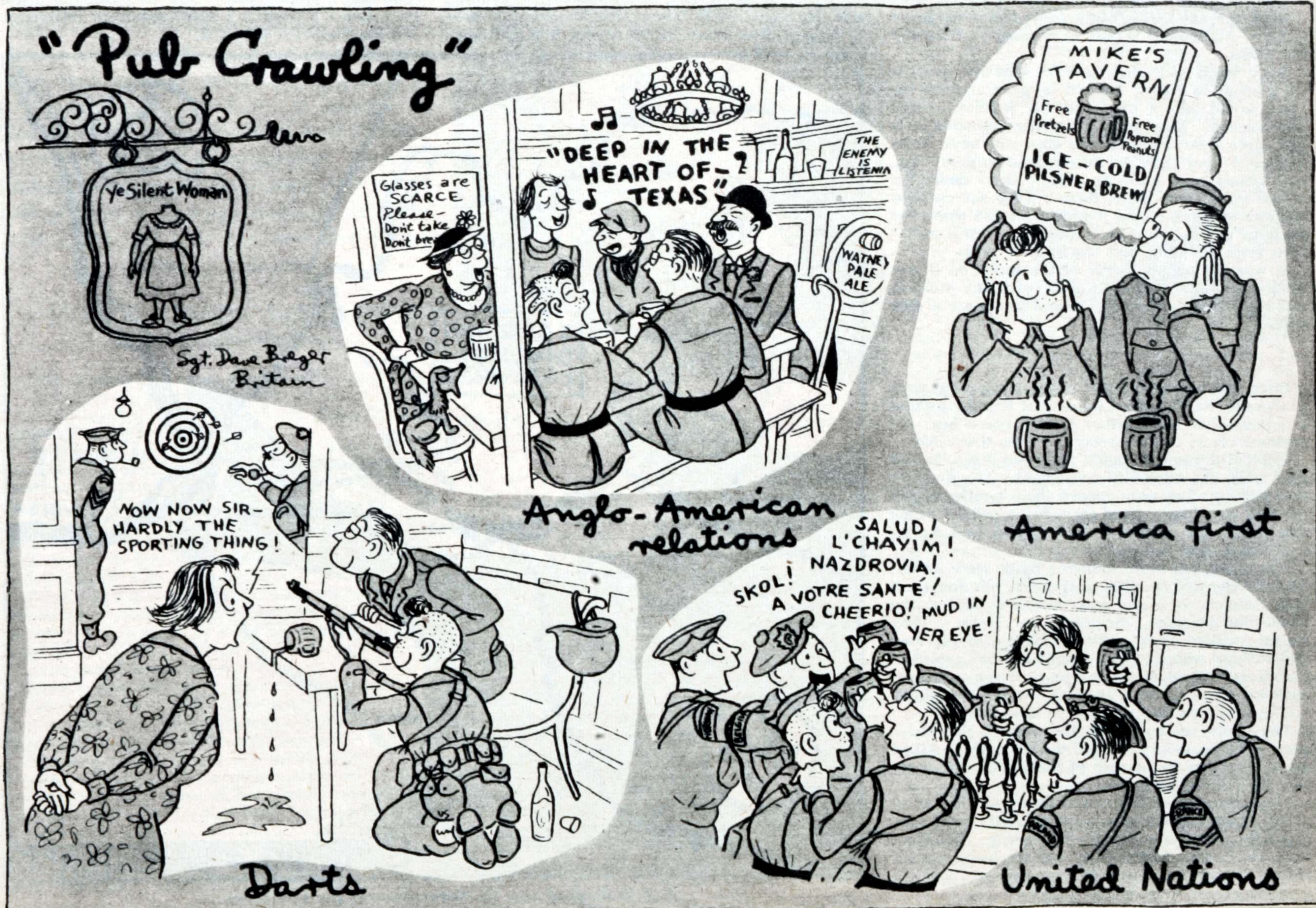
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—No one could figure out what made the bulge in the musette bag. The private who carried it never opened it during the 14 days of maneuvers. His supplies and equipment he carried apart—folded in his shirt, rolled in his pack, or stuck inconspicuously elsewhere about his person. But he never left the musette bag lying around, and he used it as a pillow when he slept.

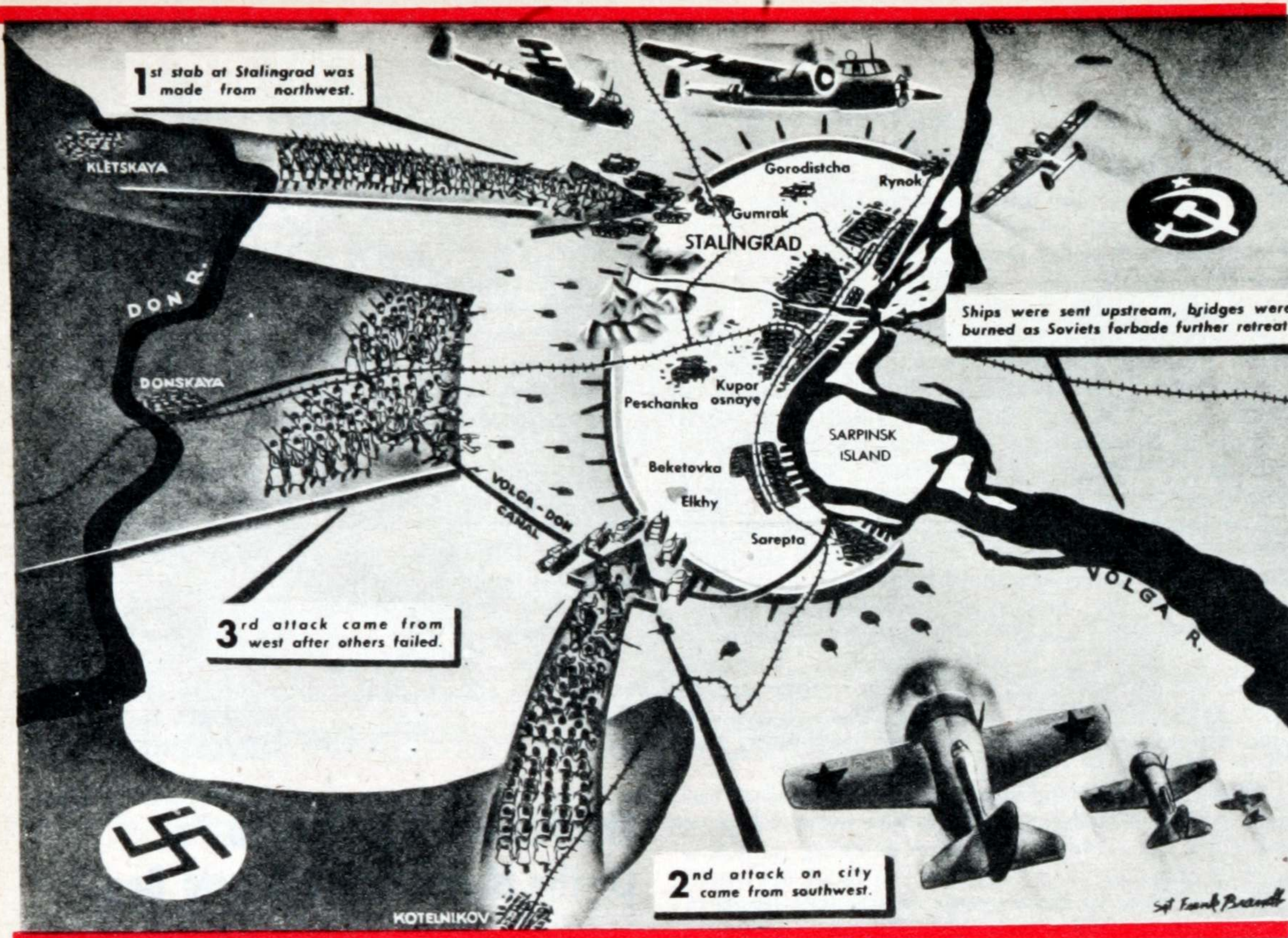
The secret was out when he visited the APO. The bag had been full of the Ole Mazuma—£748 or nearly \$3,000—which had been raked off various floors in various post-Eagle Day crap games. The private used it to buy war bonds, which he sent home.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

G.I. Joe

by Sgt. Dave Breger





Stalingrad when all seemed lost—the last week in September.

Red Miracle

The annual Russian miracle began occurring again last week, coming this year a little earlier than usual. Last year, it was visited upon the Nazis in the dead of winter at Moscow. This year, the visitation came to the Nazis in early winter—at Stalingrad, the Red Verdun, or the city that was really dead weeks ago but just wouldn't die.

It was beautiful the way it happened. The two great forces at Stalingrad, Russian and Nazi, were fighting in the streets, in the alleys and in the gaunt hulks of buildings. It had been going on that way for weeks.

They faded each other shot for shot and grenade for grenade and each knew if he gave an inch the other would take a mile. So the Russians didn't give an inch. They clung to the bomb-gouged roofs and gave their lives to toss just one more hand grenade. They crouched in cellars, amid the rubble, and lobbed hand grenades. They stood under fire in the streets and threw them. They set up light artillery in bomb-ruined living-rooms and threw the shrapnel out the window. And they sniped at the Hun from anything that would give cover.

It was the biggest battle of the war, and it was so closely fought that the capture of a tiny building was equivalent on any other front to a gain of fifty miles.

Fronts Just Yards Apart

Once, the headquarters of a Russian general were so close to the Nazi front lines—just literally around a corner—that the Russian general could hear the guttural voices of the enemy. It was that close.

Adolf Hitler said it couldn't last and it sure looked for a while like Adolf Hitler was right. The Russians said nothing; they only opened their mouths to pull the pins out of more hand grenades, a process which was much more effective and caused God knows how much more damage.

The world had never known a battle more brutal. The nobility and sacrifice of the men who fought in that cemetery of a city was enough to redeem the whole human race, including the Nazis. They fought without food and without sleep. They fought without regard to their lives, and sometimes in a pinch they even fought without ammunition. In such cases they threw bricks, and that happened more than once.

The world we know—on this side of the war—goes for fighters like that, and the heart of the Allied world went out to the men of Stalingrad, and there was grief at the prospects.

Then, we went to Africa, and the eyes of the entire world—including Hitler's—were focused on the sunlit beaches of the southern Mediterranean. The Russians—well, they looked that way for just a second (while changing a round of ammunition), and apparently gained hope in the process.

And then, suddenly, out of a clear November sky, it happened. Stalingrad struck back! The timing was terrific. Adolf Hitler was having his little troubles with us down in Africa, when two Russian

relief armies began driving hell for leather to the relief of Stalingrad.

One relief army whipped down from the northwest and another drove up from the south. The beginning of a pincers. And in Stalingrad itself, the forces of Soviet General Rodimstev started gaining back lost ground, street by street, and alley by alley. They bumped off 1,000 Germans in one day in the streets of Stalingrad—more than half as many as we lost on the African operation.

But that was strictly in the minor casualty category compared to the holiday the two great relief armies were having northwest and southwest of Stalingrad. In one day, they sent 12,050 Nazis to whatever Valhalla Hitler has promised his Nazi troops after they get it in the neck. The booty ran into hundreds of guns, thousands of lorries, more than a thousand railway wagons, dozens of aircraft, and thousands of machine guns.

And Now The Climax

Thus came the climax of the biggest battle of 1942—the climax but not the close, for at the last reports the fighting was growing more bitter by the second as the Nazis, finally facing entrapment, struggled against it with increasing fury. But even now—as it was apparent weeks ago—it was a sure thing that Stalingrad had become Russia's "Red Verdun."

This biggest battle of the year was more than just a mere military engagement, for there was a deep symbolism in the Nazi attack.

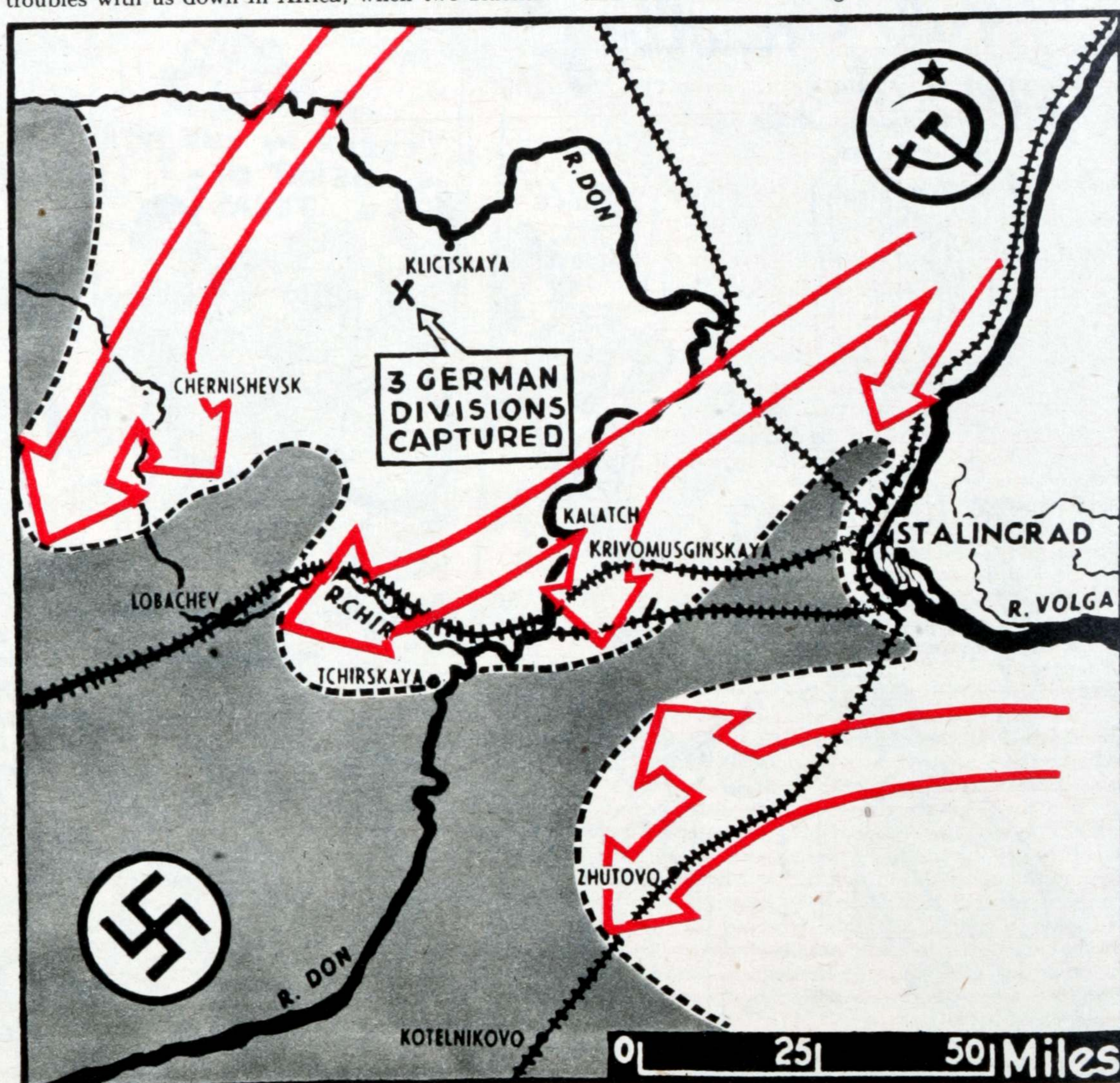
Stalingrad was Soviet Russia's Pittsburgh, a fabulous modern industrial city before it was churned to rubble and blackened by the smoke of battle. It was named in honour of Stalin himself, and its buildings by the banks of the Volga were to the Russians a monument of the new Russia which has fought off Hitler against all odds, for these seventeen long months. Hitler would have given a lot to crush that symbol, and he did give a lot. Back in September he told Field Marshal Fedor von Bock that: "Stalingrad must be taken at all costs."

Von Bock tried hard enough. He tried with everything the Nazi ever invented. He tried with Hermann Goering's Stukas, and everybody's artillery. You can't say the marshal didn't try.

On the other hand, Stalin told his Marshal Semyon Timoshenko:

"There is no road back from Stalingrad."

Which was a beautiful but inaccurate phrase, for even Stalin himself would now be pleased with the correction: "There is a road back from Stalingrad, and the Nazis are taking it."



And Stalingrad now in November—as the tide turns.

...And a Russian Miracle Man

(Age 17)



At Stalingrad, as everywhere else, they who fight for Russia are of all ages and all services. Some are old men who had fought in the Revolution. And others are young, terribly young like seventeen-year-old Constantin Kostantinov of the Russian Marines. He didn't fight at Stalingrad, but he killed seventy-four Germans, and his own story written especially for YANK will give you a pretty good idea of the hatred with which the men and boys like himself defended Stalingrad.

By PVT. CONSTANTIN KOSTANTINOV
Soviet Russian Marines

I WAS 17 years old when the Germans came. Since then, I have killed 74 of them—73 with a Maxim heavy machine gun, one with my Degtarev automatic rifle. But 74 is not enough.

Not until every German within the borders of my homeland is a dead German—not until the invincible Russian and American Armies, together with our British and Chinese comrades, converge on the enemy and crush him so that he will never be able to rise again—not until then will I cease to be a killer and return to the carefree high-school life I once enjoyed in the city of Leningrad.

I was just like any American high-school student. Mornings I studied in a Leningrad high school. Afternoons I worked as a skilled mechanic in the great Kirov munitions plant.

Then the Germans came.

Since I was two years below the enlistment age I had to get my mother's permission. I was classified by the conscription board as a Marine and sent to the Kronstadt Naval Base on July 10.

I was given a month's training as a naval mechanic. Then I saw action—first at Tallinn, Estonia and then south of Leningrad, where I was wounded twice—and also where I got the 73 Germans at one time.

I was wounded the second time on Nov. 16. This time a shell fragment ripped my right thigh, just above the knee. I was in the hospital for 15 days—but I got out in time to meet the last great German



offensive of 1941, aimed at our sector on Dec. 7, the day of Pearl Harbour.

Machine Gunner Dead, He Takes Over

Six hundred of them attacked at our narrow sector. We had been whittled down to less than 100 men, and one Maxim machine gun (7-mm, equal to the U.S. .30 caliber). The Germans launched what they call a "psychological attack," that is, advancing erect behind a terrific artillery barrage, immediately replacing all losses, and thus striking terror into the hearts of the defenders, who think the Germans are an irresistible tide and flee.

Vassily Novikoff and I were firing our Degtarevs from the base of a tree. (Our company was holding the edge of a wood.) Beside us was the machine gun, manned by its crew of three. On and on the Germans came—across an open field. Shells dropped all around us and the air was filled with snow, dust and flying debris.

Suddenly I became conscious of a peculiar silence. I looked up and my heart nearly stopped. The machine gun was no longer firing. The gunner was dead, and the second and third gunners seriously wounded! A mortar projectile had landed a few yards away. And the Germans were nearly on us!

For an instant I thought. Then, half-conscious

of what I was doing, I dove into the machine gun emplacement. Both hands froze to the gun, and it began to spit at the enemy. Bitter hatred welled up within me as I watched them fall. I don't know how I did it, but somehow I managed to man the gun alone. I fed another belt of ammunition into the gun. Then another. More Germans fell.

"Get down, you swine!" I shrieked. "Get down you supermen! Fall to the ground and take cover! Not even supermen can withstand a hail of hot Russian lead!"

I was hysterical. They threw hand grenades at me, but they fell short. I kept firing. More Germans fell. Finally they dropped to the ground and took cover. I sank back weakly in the slit trench.

The German attack was broken.

It was then and only then that I became conscious of a strange thing. Three other machine guns had moved up and had opened fire beside me. Overhead hundreds of Soviet shells screamed toward the enemy. Soviet planes roared over the horizon. Tanks rumbled forward and an endless line of Soviet Marines moved past me and up toward the fleeing Germans.

Credited With Breaking German Advance

A moment later Comdr. Spasoff came up and threw his arms around me. With him was a major-general of Marines. "Gen. Ksenki," he said, "this is my little schoolboy who stayed out here and manned our machine gun when the rest of the battalion was forced to retreat. Single-handed he broke the back of the German advance until your men arrived to counterattack. He killed 73 Germans by himself."

I had not even realized I was alone.

The general took me to his own dugout where he gave me some brandy to steady my nerves. Then I moved ahead with the counterattack. The counterattack did not end until it had pushed the Germans back more than 70 kilometres.

On the 13th day of the counterattack I was severely wounded in the left leg—and evacuated to a base hospital. There I read in the papers that I had been awarded the Order of the Red Banner.

I still have not received the decoration from Marshal Voroshilov because I have been too busy fighting. Right now I am recovering from a recurrence of the wound in my left leg.

I cannot wait to get back into action.

I want to kill more Germans.



The headlines would tell a different story. There was quite a scrap that day, and good fights make good headlines. But there was quite a bit of drama that morning on the ground too—something every air force man knows. This is the story that didn't make the headlines. This is what happened on the ground that day.

The Story of a Raid

It had been an RAF bomber station "somewhere in England," and traces of RAF occupancy still remained; in the blue uniforms of liaison officers trudging through the mud, in the shove half-penny boards in the game room, in the prim little garden where English roses still bloom and in a faded note left on the bulletin board: "Will Pilot Officer Joyce ring his home directly."

There is nothing much to do at a bomber station except bomb, and when the weather prevents, the men just sit around waiting until the weather, the unprintable English weather, decides to change. In those intervals almost every man on the station had studied the faded note to Pilot Officer Joyce. To all it took on a special sort of meaning. To some it meant gloomily that Pilot Officer Joyce had taken off to a better land, where the sun shone steadily, like Texas, to others it signified a sort of justice. Any flyer damned with a pesty wife who sent messages like that was luckier in a far off country. To the little major it had become a good luck talisman: as long as that frail slip of paper survived, so long, he was sure, would he.

Trials By Daylight

What made the notice more unbearable was the fact that the RAF was getting in its bombing—night after night the heavy British ships were out over Genoa, or Turin, or Stuttgart, or some other equally well known center of Nazi power. But did the precision daylight bombers get a break? No indeed.

The British can use flares, but what use are flares in daylight at the altitudes flown by the big American bombers? Nuts. American bombardiers must have light, good light to see their targets. That means no rain, few clouds, and as little haze as possible.

Tonight, however, the note to Pilot Officer Joyce was forgotten—or partially forgotten, by all but the major. No man can completely forget something he has brooded over for weeks. There was something in the wind. The nightly poker game, played by bored men who cared not whether they won, ended early, and by ten o'clock only two or three men, and those non-flying, were still in the club room, leafing restlessly through an old *Punch* and an even older *Daily Express*. Between flips of the worn pages they would stop occasionally to stare moodily at a brilliantly colored map of the United States, across which scrawled signatures designated flyer's home states.

The Day Begins

At six the next morning, orderlies in hob-nailed boots were stomping in double time up and down the upper hall banging on doors and bawling loudly. There was the tread of other hurrying feet. The mess, which normally was lightly attended at seven, was full at six-thirty. At the long tables were the flying officers, pilots, navigators and bombardiers, flanked by armament officers, meteorologists, radio officers and intelligence men. Outside it was still dark, and the blackout bore down, but someone,

"At the briefing . . ."

perhaps one of the weather officers, who rarely will allow themselves to be quoted on the weather, said it was clearing. "It is not clear yet," someone observed. Someone else added, "But it's on the way."

The word was out, up and down the table over the coffee and through the cigarette haze it went, "A show is on." The ample breakfast disappeared quickly. Fliers who had dallied over their porridge only yesterday, today filled themselves with all the prime favorites of hungry men—sausage, scrambled eggs (powdered), potatoes, and coffee, innumerable cups of coffee. Enough to curl the hair of the medical officer. Heavy meals are supposed to be bad for



On the field the last plane has been checked

high altitude flying—rich foods cause gas bubbles that do not aid a high flying bomber crew. But they piled it in, nevertheless.

A Day For Bombing

It was a gray morning. The haze was laying down. It was wet underfoot, but overhead, above the haze, it was dry. When finally the mist lifted it was evident that someone had known something. The weather was clear. This was it.

The briefing room was long and bare. Pilots, navigators and bombardiers grouped themselves on the front benches. The major, veteran of half a dozen previous missions, took his place.

His "target for today" voice is monotonous, precise. His pointer goes over the map exactly. He does not have to search. Like a trained thing the point comes to rest on the target, tracing unerringly the route, and as the little major stresses his instructions the pointer raps imperiously. But the little major never changes the tone or pitch of his voice.

With the aid of the map and blown up photographs he retraces the route, gives the rendezvous at which the bombers are to be joined by fighter support, the bombing altitudes, the bomb load, the take-off time and the estimated time of return.

Better Than Usual

Then the meteorological officer takes over. His voice is young, immature. It cracks a trifle at moments. He is feeling the excitement that strains at the calm of all. He has been up all night over his weather charts and his face shows it. The forecast is not too promising, but so far it is better than the normal English weather. "Just like Texas" groans one long-legged co-pilot.

Now and then through the monotone of these explanations the CO cracks out a question. Shrewdly aimed at opening up the discussion of a point that might not be completely clear, his words are matter of fact.

There is no smell of wintergreen, there is no hot steam floating about, and no low-voiced trainers cautioning about a knee or a shoulder. But, nevertheless, the room has somewhat the atmosphere of a football locker room the few minutes before the Notre Dame game. There is, however, no pep talk. No one needs it.

There are no questions, and the tension steadily mounts as more and more details are presented.

The light is turned off for the showing of the pictures and shadowed profiles fill the room. Eager and keen, those profiles would hearten any producer. Here a face, partly revealed as the man draws on his cigarette, looms threateningly, sinister in its intentness; there another face, sensitive, finely-cut and boyishly handsome. Once there is a wave of laughter when the major speaks of flak and refers to the excited remark of a bombardier returning from his first raid. "The flak," the bombardier had said excitedly, "was the worst I ever saw," a remark that became a classic.

The Crews Prepare

A half-hour passes. The lights come on, revealing a group of enlisted men—combat crew members, gunners, radio men, engineers, grouped together at the rear of the room. It is a scene faintly familiar. Not like a football team now, but more like an old tintype of the Mount Washington Hiking Club. Garbed in their high altitude flying clothes, they lean against each other for a moment after the lights come on as if they were huddling for mutual support against the icy mountain wind.

Later they would cling even more closely to mutually offered fire support from their .50 caliber machine guns.

The major holds up his hand. "The time . . ."

There is absolute quiet as crewmen prepare to synchronise their wrist watches. "It is now thirty-five seconds after—thirty-seven seconds—forty seconds . . ."

If there can be deathly quiet, the silence before the time tick is it.

This is the moment they have all known all their lives, the tensest moment perhaps of any operation. This is the "zero" hour when men synchronize their watches, not knowing who of them would be there again a few hours later. This was the way their fathers did it in the first world war before going over the top. This was the favorite shot of movie directors: men standing in the darkness setting their watches, then rushing out into the darkness of no-man's-land. There was suspense in that, and drama.

Now the navigators, the pilots and the bombardiers go to their specialized briefings in the corners of the room. One man from each combat crew goes to a table and picks up the escape kits—secret parapher-

nal designed to prove highly useful in case of a bail out or a forced landing in enemy held territory.

These details completed, there is a general exodus towards the trucks and cars which are waiting to take the crews out to their respective ships, dispersed on concrete aprons around the field. The major waits for the last car. He pokes protectingly at the thumb tack holding Pilot Officer Joyce's message, then he, too, is gone. The message to Pilot Officer Joyce seems to gesture a mute bon voyage.

On the field the bombers are ready. The last bomb load has been installed, some of the ships are warming up. In less than half an hour the group would be on its way.

Standing on top of the control tower we watch the planes away. In some the top turret gunners have thrust themselves up through the opening and as they taxi along they wave. In others the waist gunners could be seen by their open "gates" signalling "thumbs up" and grinning. One officer, earthbound by age and rank, curses mournfully. Another remarks, "Damn that note, but the major thinks its luck."

Crisis At The Take-off

The squadrons take-off, each plane at a thirty-second interval—a minor crisis every half-minute, because at the instant of take-off a plane carrying a heavy bomb load is always a potential danger. All the pent up explosive aimed at destruction of the Axis might suddenly be loosed through some mischance at the men who aim it. But they all get up—there is no mischance. All of them are airborne, swinging clean and free, gaining altitude—climbing.

For if the Pilot Officer Joyces of the RAF need the comforting dark of their bombers, the men of the big American precision bombers need the comfort of clean, cold air beneath them. For, once airborne and with altitude, they can fight off most any threat tossed their way. Their bristling guns and hair trigger crews can take care of themselves—but they must have altitude.

Now like flying dragons they disappear momentarily into the mist still lying over the lakes at end of the field. Then they come thundering out, heading for the foe, each plane in its appointed place in the vee of vees. They disappear once again, this time off on their mission. The earthbound officer mutters, "I hope they all come back." Then he goes off about his dull surface duties.

Every one goes back to their jobs—but all are waiting.

It's to be a long wait, for the planes are not due to return to this field after completing their task. Because of distance, they are to land on their return at other friendly fields close to the coast. At these friendly fields they have a rendezvous—a rendezvous with the group's intelligence officers. Accordingly the "I" men take-off shortly after, heading for that meeting.

They follow the route of the bombers, but at lower altitude. They look out of the gun ports and watch the peaceful English countryside flow by, peaceful that is except for the latent menace of the bare airplane fields which dot the scene. Not far distant is the sea, just below the cliffs.

Just An "Incident"

On the field, a real RAF station this time. Two men go by, clad in sodden blue uniforms, and decorated with yellow Mae West life preservers around their necks. They are pilots recently returned from a "dunking" in the Channel. They have reported the incident—to them it actually seems just an incident—and now are off in search of a "spot of tea."

The waiting—even the hardened intelligence officers show signs of strain. Then suddenly there is a new sound of motors. Far out on the horizon, over the sea, is a formation of bombers. They are Liberators, their clumsy fuselages dragging from the high wings—to use a Flying Fortress man's caustic—"Like pregnant cows." The formation is flying slowly. Finally they come around the field, circling for a landing. Spitfires are hanging above them protectingly. The Spits haven't the range to take the heavy ships all the way to the target, but they pick them up on the way home and release the gunners from the strain of battle.

But the Nazis have driven home some of their attacks, and there are two cripples in the formation. The other bombers, unscathed except for a few bullet holes, have slowed their pace to give their less fortunate partners the protection of massed gun fire.

Now they land, and as they trundle off on the runways the intelligence officers prepare for work. They walk swiftly out to the planes. The first man of the combat crews to report in is the little major.



"There is no pep talk . . . no one needs it"

His face is drawn, but he can still grin. "Thought for a while maybe somebody had pulled down my good luck piece. But we made it."

"No one on the station would think of touching that note, major," the men tell him, as they walk back towards the Nissen hut used for combat reports.

Then the monotony of the reports. The questions that are repeated and the sorting of stories. At first they seem to conflict, but finally a picture of success becomes apparent. Bombs have been dropped directly on the target. The submarines operating from that particular base will be homeless for a while at least.

And, besides there were eleven Focke-Wulf pilots knocked down by the Liberators' guns.

The door opens. Grinning in the opening is the RAF commander. "Have you heard the news?"

A Texan, unabashed by rank, drawls, "Sure, we bombed hell out of . . ."

Another man, this one a bombardier, chuckles, "Heard the news? Hell, we made it."

The RAF commander continues to grin, enjoying the moment. "That's not all the news." He pauses.

"While you men were out we heard that American troops have landed in French North Africa, all along the coast. It looks like the Russians have their Second Front. You fellows will need to make lots of news from now on."

There is a moment of silence—and then a Texas yell, "Yowee!" Then a concerted scramble for flying clothes.

"Come on you guys, let's get going."

—Corporal Murray Hill



"There can be deathly quiet . . ."

NEWS FROM HOME

Errol Flynn Held for Trial After Two Girls Tell Stories

HOLLYWOOD—After a preliminary hearing which was a front-page sensation, Errol Flynn, the dashing movie hero, was held on \$1,000 bail for full trial Nov. 23 on a charge of raping two under-age girls. If convicted, he could be imprisoned for from one to 50 years at San Quentin.

Looking schoolgirlish in pigtails, 16-year-old Peggy Satterlee, who said Flynn sometimes called her "Little Jail Bait" and sometimes "the San Quentin quail," accused him of taking her to the cabin of his yacht *Sirocco*, boosting her on the bed so she could view the moon through the port hole, and then raping her twice.

Blonde Betty Hansen, 17-year-old movie-struck waitress, said Flynn took her to a bedroom of a Bel Air mansion, took all her clothes off except her sandals, took all his clothes off except his shoes, and then had intimate relations with her.

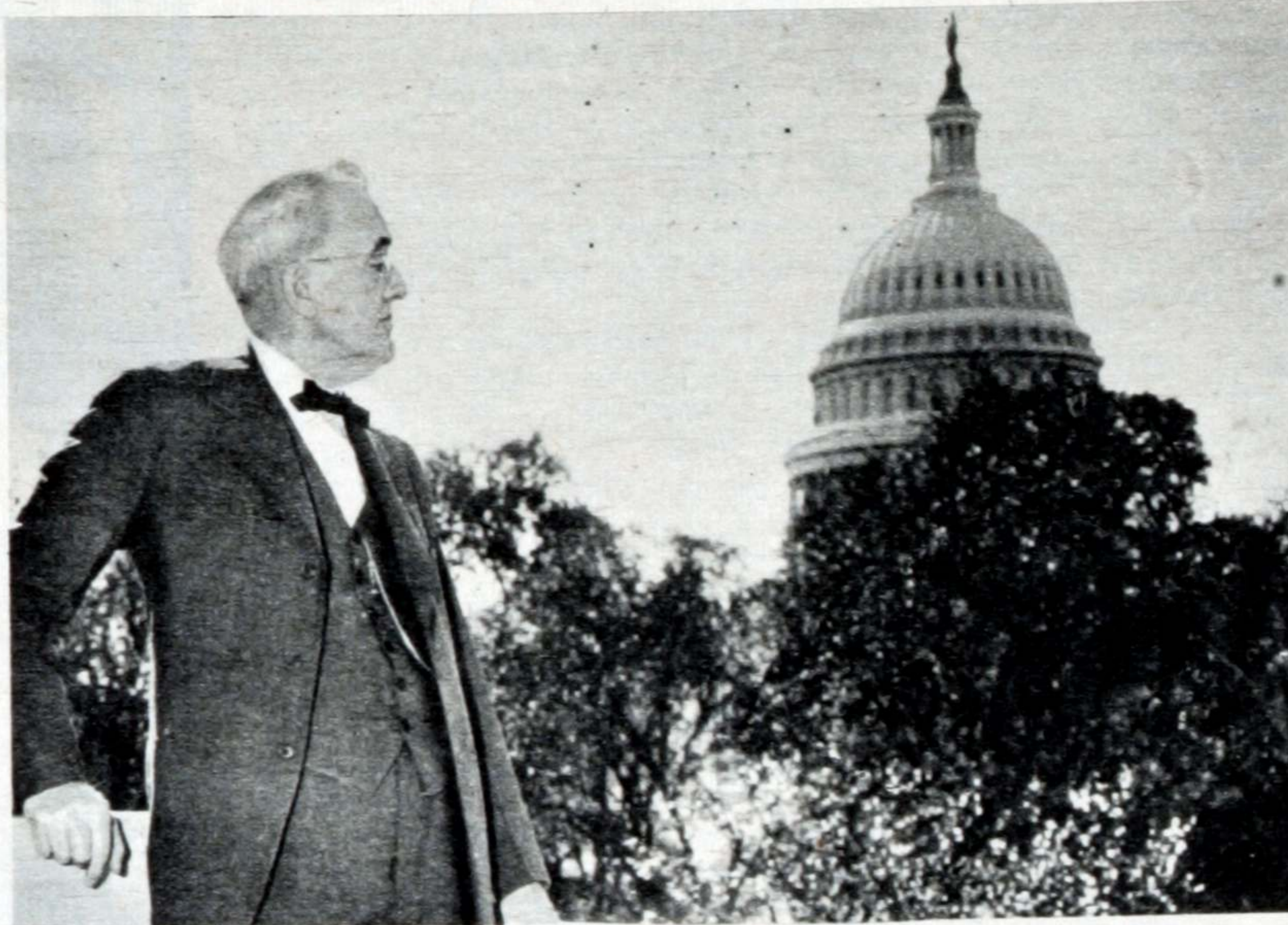
Flynn, who did not testify at the preliminary hearing, issued this statement: "The district attorney has had the ball so far. When I get



This photo introduced as evidence in the Flynn case was described as showing the movie actor and Peggy Satterlee aboard his yacht.

it, the picture will change. My ultimate vindication is all that counts, and I have complete confidence in the essential fair-mindedness of the American majority."

Meantime Flynn's latest movies, "Desperate Journey" and "Gentleman Jim," are doing a standing-room-only business.



The veteran Senator Norris of Nebraska was a sad figure after his defeat.

Republican Gains Reduce Democratic Edge in Congress

WASHINGTON—Jubilant Republicans regard their decided gains in the mid-term election as a major shift in America's political tide.

Democrats still maintain their majority in both houses, however, and everywhere the victory of the opposition party is interpreted as a desire for an even more intense war effort.

The party in power lost 41 seats in the House, retaining only two more than the 218 necessary for a majority. In the Senate the Demo-

crats lost eight seats, but they still have eight more than the 49 necessary for a majority.

After 39 years in Congress, 81-year-old Senator George Norris, Nebraska Independent who fathered TVA and many other liberal measures, went down to defeat in a three-cornered race. Others who lost out included Josh Lee in Oklahoma, Clyde Herring in Iowa and Prentiss March Brown in Michigan.

Of the 33 governorships at stake, the Republicans won 17, the Democrats 14 and the Progressives one. After 20 years of Democratic rule, New York State elected Republican Thomas E. Dewey, already spoken of as a possible presidential nominee in 1944. Other Republican governors, all re-elected, are regarded as promising presidential material—John W. Bricker of Ohio, Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota.



N. Y. Gov.-elect Dewey and wife.

Yanks Get a Report from the Farm Front

NEW ALBANY, Ind.—By short-wave broadcast to U. S. armed forces everywhere, C. M. East, agricultural agent for Floyd County, told how it is on the farm this year. Describing his farm district as "that part of the Ohio Valley where, when you hear a man called a 'reformed Kentuckian,' you know he's either joined church or moved to Indiana," he said this:

"Things do look good around here. Wheat wasn't quite up to average, but it wasn't so bad at that; Fred Traub got just under a 28 bushel average. Pastures are the best we've had in years, and the milk cows don't need to be told what to do about it; you'd think they read the papers or listened to the radio, the way they're pouring the milk.

"We have the second best corn crop we've ever had, and that's

good, for we certainly need it. There's a lot more livestock to be fed—more'n we've ever had before.

"A year ago not many farmers could have believed that we could furnish to industry and to the armed services as many workers as we have, and still keep up production. But we've done better'n that—we've increased it.

"I'll admit we've probably got more weeds in the fence rows than usual, but they've been kept out of the fields pretty well.

"I'll not kid you that you aren't being missed, for you are; but we are getting along. There's lots of work to do, and the important part's getting done. So, if it's any consolation to you, just remember that it won't be the fault of the folks back home if your stomach ever thinks your throat's cut."

SKIMMING THE WEEK ON THE HOME FRONT

The United Mine Workers of America gave authority for a seven-day week in coal mines in seven western states to meet a wartime need for coal. . . . The Government took over all short-wave radio. . . . Americans are buying fewer things on the installment plan; outstanding consumer debt for last month dropped \$450,000,000 or 6 per cent.

WPB ordered an end to the manufacture of safety and straight razors and a 20 per cent reduction in manufacture of safety razor blades for civilians. . . . Hunters at Chamberlin, S. Dak., reported record quantities of ducks and pheasants. . . . It was Meyer Levin Week in Brooklyn, and a plaque was presented to the proud parents of the bombardier of the late Colin Kelly's plane.

George M. Cohan, the Yankee Doodle Dandy of the American stage who gave America its greatest song of the first World War, "Over There," died in his sleep at the age of 64. . . . Marian Anderson accepted the invitation of the Daughters of the American Revolution to sing for Army Emergency Relief at Constitution Hall in Washington.

Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, inspecting war plants, made news by praising the California climate. Said he: "In 25 years California is going to be the most populated state in the nation." . . . One of the last of the Mississippi River packets, the *Tennessee Belle*, burned and sank near Natchez.

There has been such a boom in the poultry market that turkey herders have been sleeping in the open with rifles at their sides, guarding their flocks. . . . The season's harvest of unshelled nuts reached 300 million pounds, compared with an average of 270 million a year for the last five years.

The 9,280-unit municipality being constructed for shipyard workers at Vancouver, Wash., on the outskirts of Portland, Oreg., was named "Vanport." . . . Three industrial chemists created "OD-30," a dry powder which will eliminate any odor that displeases, including garlic.

Box Score of November Election

	Governors Elected	Senators Elected
Alabama	Chauncey M. Sparks, D.	John H. Bankhead, D.*
Arizona	Sidney P. Osborn, D.*	
Arkansas	Homer M. Adkins, D.*	John L. McClellan, D.
California	Earl Warren, R.	
Colorado	John C. Vivian, R.	E. D. Millikan, R.* (s) E. C. Johnson, D.* (f)
Connecticut	Raymond E. Baldwin, R.	
Delaware		C. Douglass Buck, R.
Georgia	Ellis Arnall, D.	Richard B. Russell, D.*
Idaho	Chase A. Clark, D.* C. A. Bottolfsen, R.*	John Thomas, R.*
Illinois		C. Wayland Brooks, R.*
Iowa	B. B. Hickenlooper, R.	George A. Wilson, R.
Kansas	Andrew Schoeppel, R.	Arthur Capper, R.*
Kentucky		Albert B. Chandler, D.*
Louisiana		Allen J. Ellender, D.*
Maine	Sumner Sewall, R.*	Wallace H. White Jr., R.*
Maryland	Herbert R. O'Connor, D.*	
Massachusetts	Leverett Saltonstall, R.*	Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., R.*
Michigan	Harry F. Kelly, R.	Homer Ferguson, R.
Minnesota	Harold E. Stassen, R.*	Joseph H. Ball, R.*
Mississippi		James O. Eastland, D.
Montana		James E. Murray, D.*
Nebraska	Dwight Griswold, R.*	Kenneth S. Wherry, R.
Nevada	E. P. Carville, D.*	James G. Scrugham, D.
New Hampshire	Robert O. Blood, R.*	Styles Bridges, R.*
New Jersey		Albert W. Hawkes, R.
New Mexico	John J. Dempsey, D.	Carl A. Hatch, D.*
New York	Thomas E. Dewey, R.	
North Carolina		Josiah W. Bailey, D.*
North Dakota	John Moses, D.*	
Ohio	John W. Bricker, R.*	
Oklahoma	Robert S. Kerr, D.	Ed. H. Moore, R.
Oregon	Earl Snell, R.	Charles L. McNary, R.*
Pennsylvania	Edward Martin, R.	
Rhode Island	J. Howard McGrath, D.*	Theodore G. Green, D.*
South Carolina	Olin D. Johnston, D.	Burnet R. Maybank, D.*
South Dakota	M. Q. Sharpe, R.	Harlan J. Bushfield, R.
Tennessee	Prentice Cooper, D.*	Tom Stewart, D.*
Texas	Coke R. Stevenson, D.*	W. Lee O'Daniel, D.*
Vermont	William H. Wills, R.*	
Virginia		Carter Glass, D.*
West Virginia		Chapman Revercomb, R.
Wisconsin	Orland S. Loomis, P.	
Wyoming	Lester C. Hunt, D.	E. V. Robertson, R.

* Re-elected. † In doubt. (s) Short term. (f) Full term.

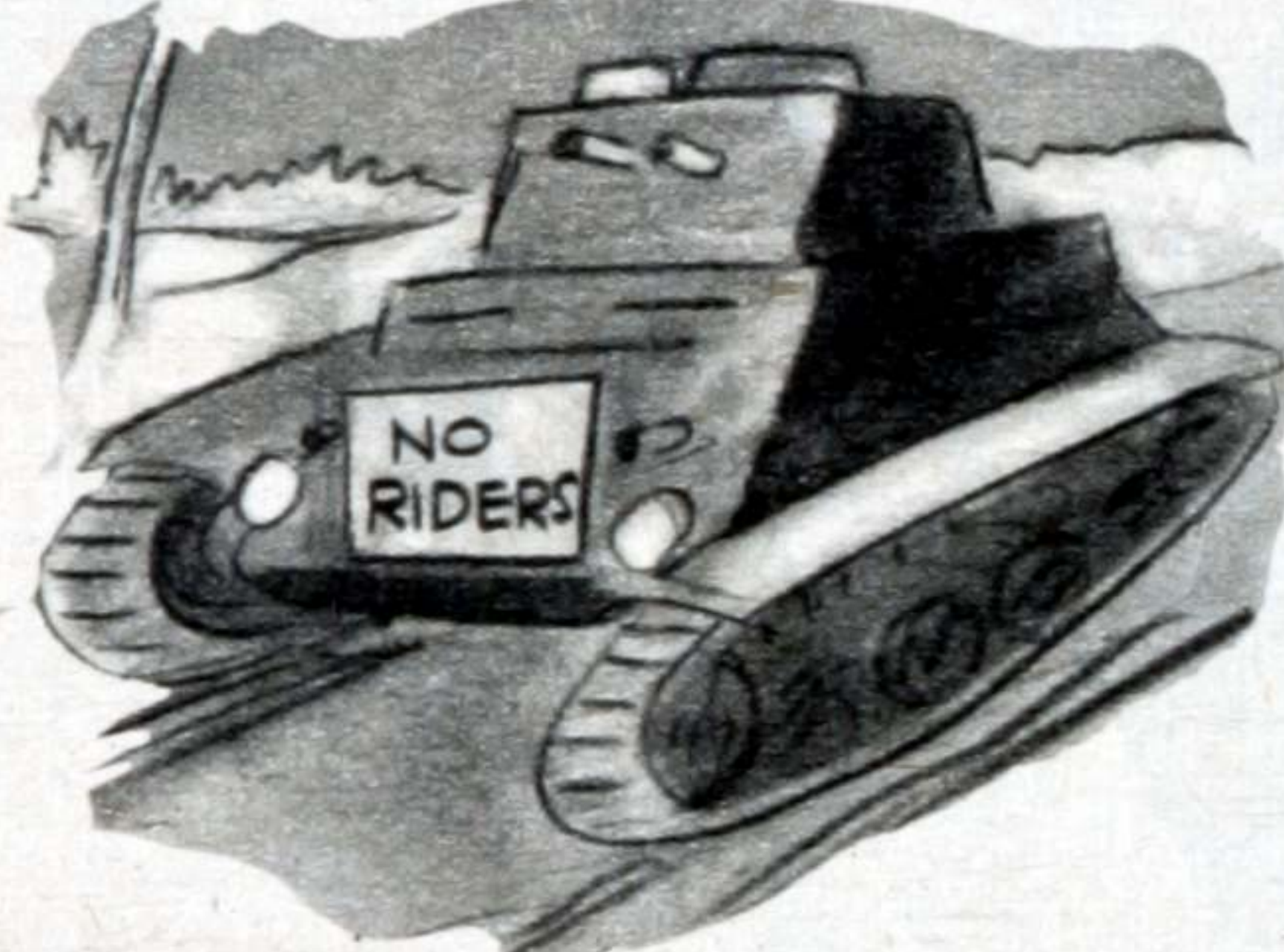


Atlanta, Ga. — Sara Richardson, who promised kisses to all who voted for her, was elected president of the freshman class at Atlanta Junior College. She paid off in candy kisses.

Kansas City, Mo. — When Mrs. Max Eichenberg refused to accept a \$23,000 bequest from her brother—because she hadn't been on speaking terms with him—the law stepped in, held she would have to go to court to fight for the right to refuse it.

Chicago, Ill. — A businessman sued a local firm for \$5,000 damages because its official greeter shook hands with him with such enthusiasm it caused a broken finger.

Miami, Fla. — Albert John Capone, Al's youngest brother, changed his name to Albert John Rayola "to benefit my children."

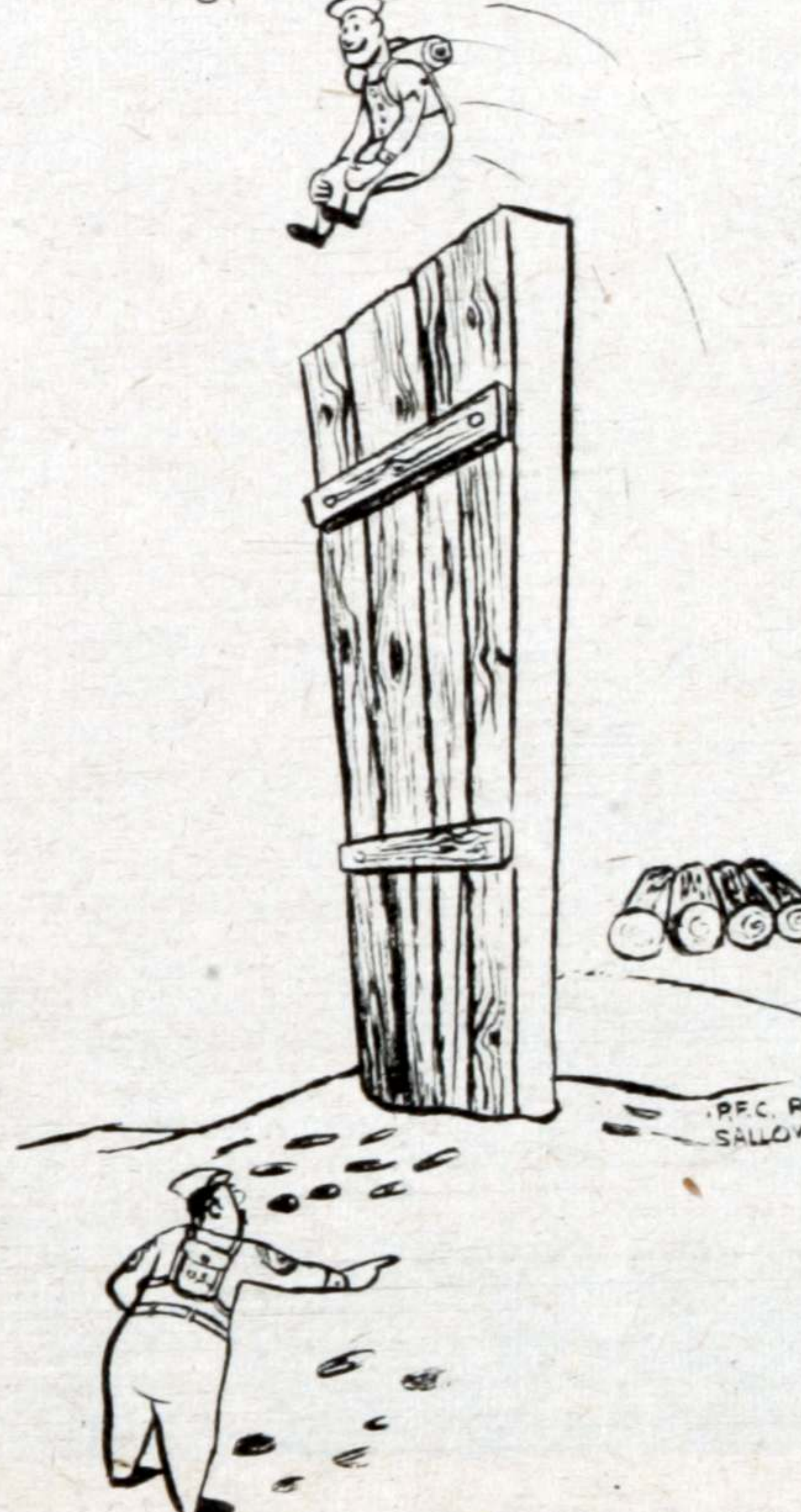


Mendota, Ill. — Delegates to the 7th Biennial Convention of the American Lutheran Church unanimously adopted a resolution refusing to uphold any conscientious objector who is subject to Selective Service and refuses to register or render service.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Stefan Heym, a German refugee author, told an audience at a book fair that a measuring stick on the value of a book should be whether Hitler would burn it. "If the answer is yes," said he, "then it's a book we should all read."

Hickory, N. C. — The designer of a perpetual-motion machine gave up his 30 years' work on which he had spent a fortune and contributed the three-ton machine to a scrap pile.

Uvalde, Tex. — Mrs. Florence Fenley, official sweetheart of the Old Trail Drivers Association, has abandoned her usual custom of riding her horse all the way from Uvalde to San Antonio and then into the lobby of the Hotel Gunter, where the pioneers organization holds its annual convention. She feels it would not be in keeping with the dignity of her new position as a member of the state legislature.



"No, no, Maguire. Climb over it."



FEMININE TOUCH. In a six-week maintenance course at the Ordnance Automotive School, Camp Holabird, Md., WAACs are taught, among other things, to drive vehicles under what must be considered unpleasant conditions. Here, Lt. Jessie Hogan does quite all right at the wheel of a heavy-weapon carrier.

Milwaukee, Wis. — Seeing H. W. McGee thundering along in a 1924 Stanley Steamer, helpful spectators summoned three fire companies, two trucks and a district fire chief.

Farewell Churn

Washington—U. S. patent No. 2,299,440 was issued on a new process to make butter out of cream without the laborious process of churning.

Instead of a churn, the process uses a boiler and a cream separator. The cream is mixed with water, heated and whirled (still hot) in the separator or in a specially designed centrifugal machine. The product that flows out contains 80 per cent butter fat, which classes it as high-grade butter.

Denver, Colo. — Francis Sargent fired a pistol at a collie which ran after his bicycle. Though he missed, Sargent was fined \$100 for cruelty to animals—and stripped of his commission as voluntary officer for Child and Animal Protection.

Salem, Mass. — A pretty girl reported to police that someone called "yoo hoo" at her each night while she walked to work. It turned out to be an owl.

Chicago, Ill. — When Mrs. Vera McKittrick offered to give free baby buggies to the first 50 expectant mothers who claimed them, the wives of nearly a thousand service men showed up.

San Francisco, Calif. — Someone jacked up and stole, lock, stock and barrel, the real-estate office of Wayne W. Kite.

Birmingham, Ala. — A law-abiding dog gave birth to four pups in a wire wastebasket bearing the legend: "Place Litter Here."

New York, N. Y. — At evening rush hour at Eighth Avenue and 54th Street, a 3-year-old boy with a toy whistle raised such hob with traffic that he was taken to a police station.

San Francisco, Calif. — Superior Court Judges Alfred Fritz and I. L. Harris were haled before a Coast Guard officer and severely lectured for fishing in a restricted area.

Santa Fe, N. M. — J. D. Wilkerson had to delay hunting a war job long enough to have his hand bandaged. He explained he was playing Ozark Mountain music when his musical saw broke.

Detroit, Mich. — After delivering mail for more than 20 years, tired Edward J. Connelly developed the habit of dumping all heavy third-class matter into a wastebasket. Surprised while disposing of 269 such pieces, he was put under \$500 bond and held for a grand jury on a charge of "obstructing and retarding U. S. mail."

Maplewood, N. J. — When his landlady told him there was a burglar in the yard, Patrolman Richard Schneider phoned for a policeman. While police came and searched the premises, Schneider watched them from a second-floor window. He was suspended from the force for "neglect of duty."

Cleveland, Ohio — As members of the AFL Hotel and Apartment Service Workers' Union, employees of the Park Villa, residential hotel, went on strike for a union shop and higher wages. The hotel is owned by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which charged the hotel union lacked a majority and added: "We pay our help well."

Washington, D. C. — David Zimmerman, operating a steam shovel on a government construction project, was so rushed that he couldn't take time out for the chow his wife brought out to him. "You've got to eat," said Mrs. Zimmerman. "Show me how to run that thing, and I'll take over while you eat." He did show her and she caught on so quickly she is now a member of Engineers Local No. 77, working on war construction jobs with her husband.

Kansas City, Mo. — A crusty-voiced man called Chief of Police Harold Anderson's office and said he wanted to be a volunteer patrolman on election day. "I'm tired of doing housework all the time," he explained.

Pittsburgh, Pa. — When Mrs. Cordelia Driscoll was stopped by a radio patrol car after her car had hit another automobile, she asked police: "Was I driving the car? I thought my son was driving." There was no one else in the car.

Ducking the Draft

Los Angeles—Garry H. Dean, who wanted to join the Navy, heard he would need a birth certificate. So he got one, and showed up with it at recruiting headquarters.

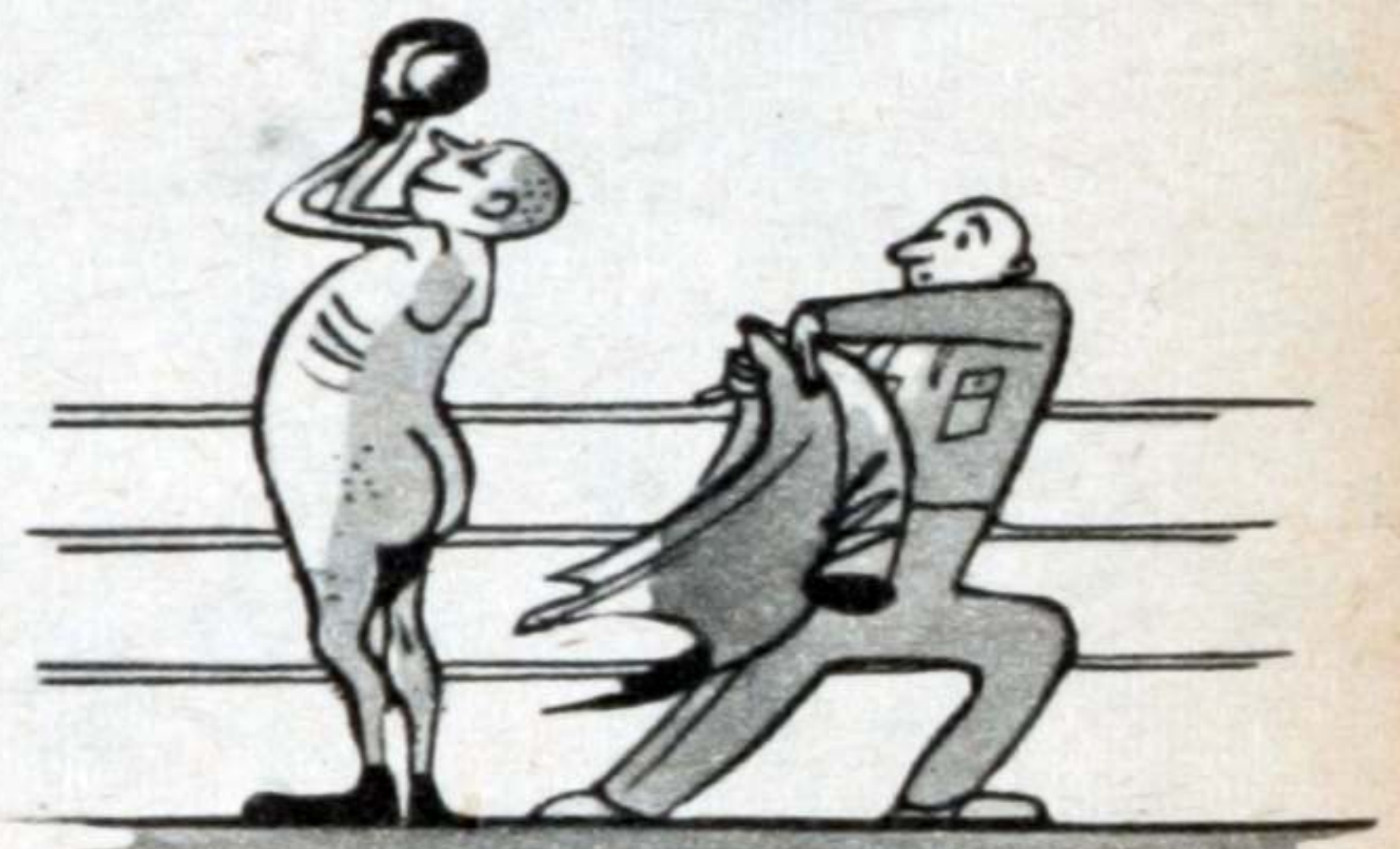
It proved he was born all right—11 years ago.



They can't cuss the bugler at **Fort Des Moines, Iowa**. The bugler is a lady—22-year-old Donna Mae Baldenecker of St. Paul Park, Minn., a trumpet player of eight years' experience and a WAAC. . . . At **Fort Grabb, N. C.**, Pfc. Ermono Pietrieni got a cake with green icing and 26 candles, served at noon mess on his birthday. His family sent the money to the company cook through the Red Cross. . . . Pvt. Thomas B. Young, a full-blooded Chippewa, walked 45 miles to enlist at **Fort Sheridan, Ill.**

During hard-hitting games designed to make men tough, Pvt. Phillip Price, camp bugler at **Atlantic City ACRTC**, was carried from the field with a broken leg. Nobody knows who kicked him. . . . Pvt. Sherlock Holmes has been assigned to a Military Police battalion at **Fort Lewis, Wash.** "I knew she'd write," gloated an excited corporal, waving a scented letter at disappointed soldiers at a **Fort Greely, Alaska**, mail call. This is what she had written: "Dear Corporal: When do I get that \$5 you borrowed when you were in Wyoming?"

Pvt. Harry Rudolph, 63, who served in the Spanish-American War, gave up a veteran's pension and underwent an operation on both legs to join the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command at **Sheppard Field, Tex.** . . . Jeeps at **Camp Kohler, Calif.**, get \$5 to carry them until their first pay day. . . . At **Camp Upton, N. Y.**, a noncom asked a selectee why he had saluted an officer with his left hand. The recruit replied that he had to salute with his left hand because his right hand was in his pants pocket.



Pvts. Tarzan Roy and Lester Blackwell of **Camp Pickett, Va.**, rubbed their shoes in resin dust and danced impatiently while waiting the starting gong for their main bout on fight night. Then, when their handlers slipped the chairs out of the ring and whisked away their towels and bathrobes, the mixed crowd of enlisted men, officers and guests, gasped—Tarzan Roy had forgotten to wear his boxing trunks.

Camp Chaffee, Ark., reports that a nearby village has an inn so tough that it's even off-limits for the MPs.

At **Camp Livingston, La.**, Sgt. Robert Sullivan, grandson of John L., gives rifle instruction to Pvt. John W. York, cousin of Sgt. Alvin C. York.

Back at **Camp Berkeley, Texas**, after three months of teaching the WAACs, S/Sgt. William James says: "You know, the women complain about the rough parts of army life in much the same respect as enlisted men. No cussing though, at least when men are around."

Short Story: Last Spring Harley J. Dewey, 53, enlisted for Army service. A son, Lindon, had died on Bataan; three other sons were in the Army and a fourth was in the Navy; a daughter was an Army nurse. During the Summer, he became a corporal. It was then he wrote to his home-town paper, the *Adrian (Mich.) Telegram*, that he was "the loneliest man" at **Camp Pickett, Va.** In a few weeks he received 865 letters. One was from Mrs. Inez Bracey, operator of a nursing home at Weston, Mich. On furlough last week Cpl. Dewey married Mrs. Bracey, who says: "He's not the loneliest man in camp any more."

Sleeping, But On the Alert



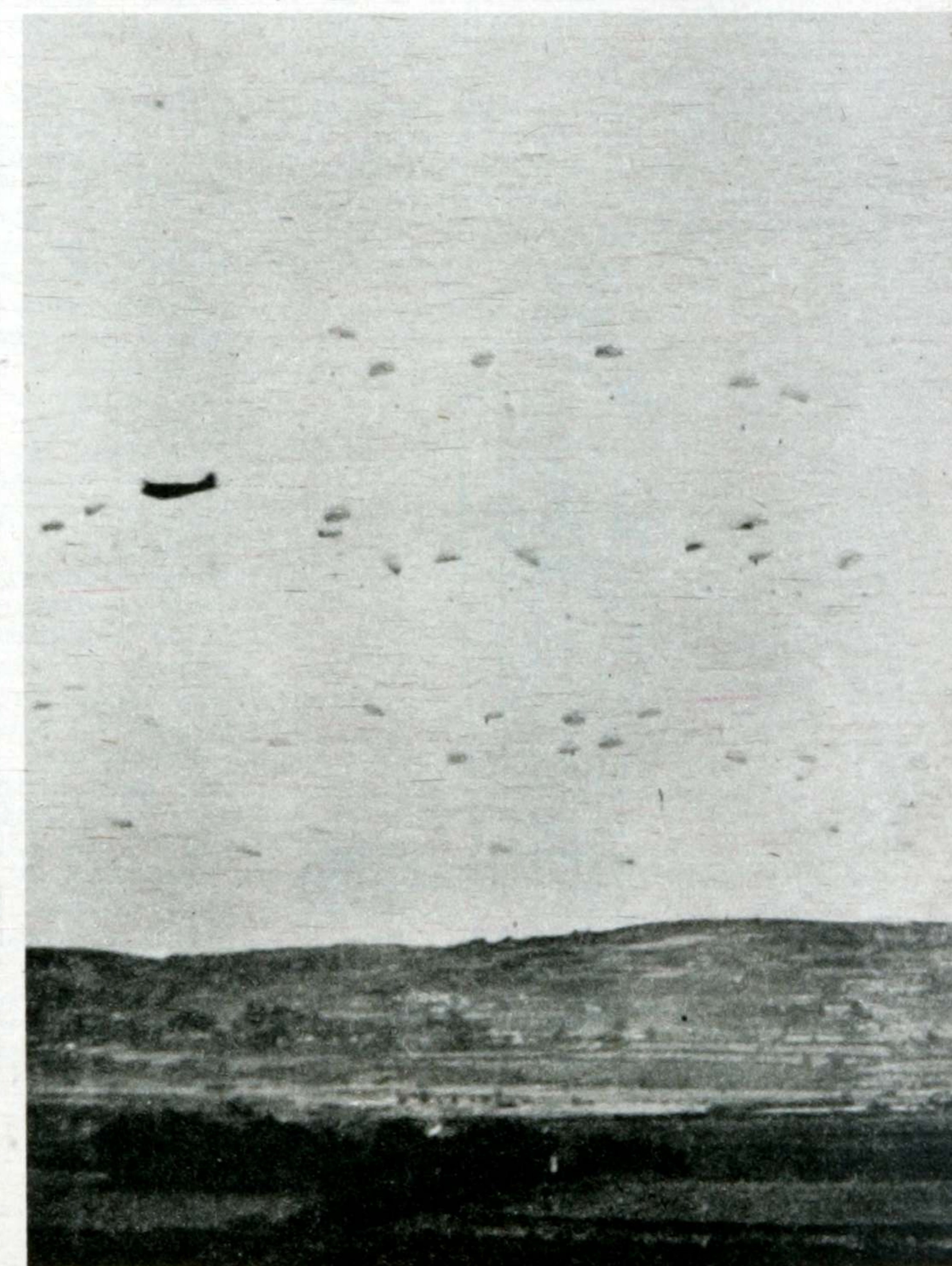
CAT NAP. With one hand ready to grab his pistol belt and holster, Maj. Gen. Ralph Royce takes a short rest on an operational flight somewhere over the South Seas area. War in the Pacific means constant readiness. Generals can't afford to sleep long.



FRONT LINE CHOW. A Marine eats a speedy meal on Guadalcanal. Sitting on top of a trench, he can't afford to linger over lunch.



DECORATED. Actress Claire Luce returns to America from England, loaded with insignia from soldiers she'd been entertaining.



A FLIGHT OF PARACHUTES.



JUNGLE PUP TENTS. U.S. soldiers in the Caribbean area peg down their shelter halves. Wet heat and armies of bugs make sleeping tough, but they go through it, to keep that frontier safe.

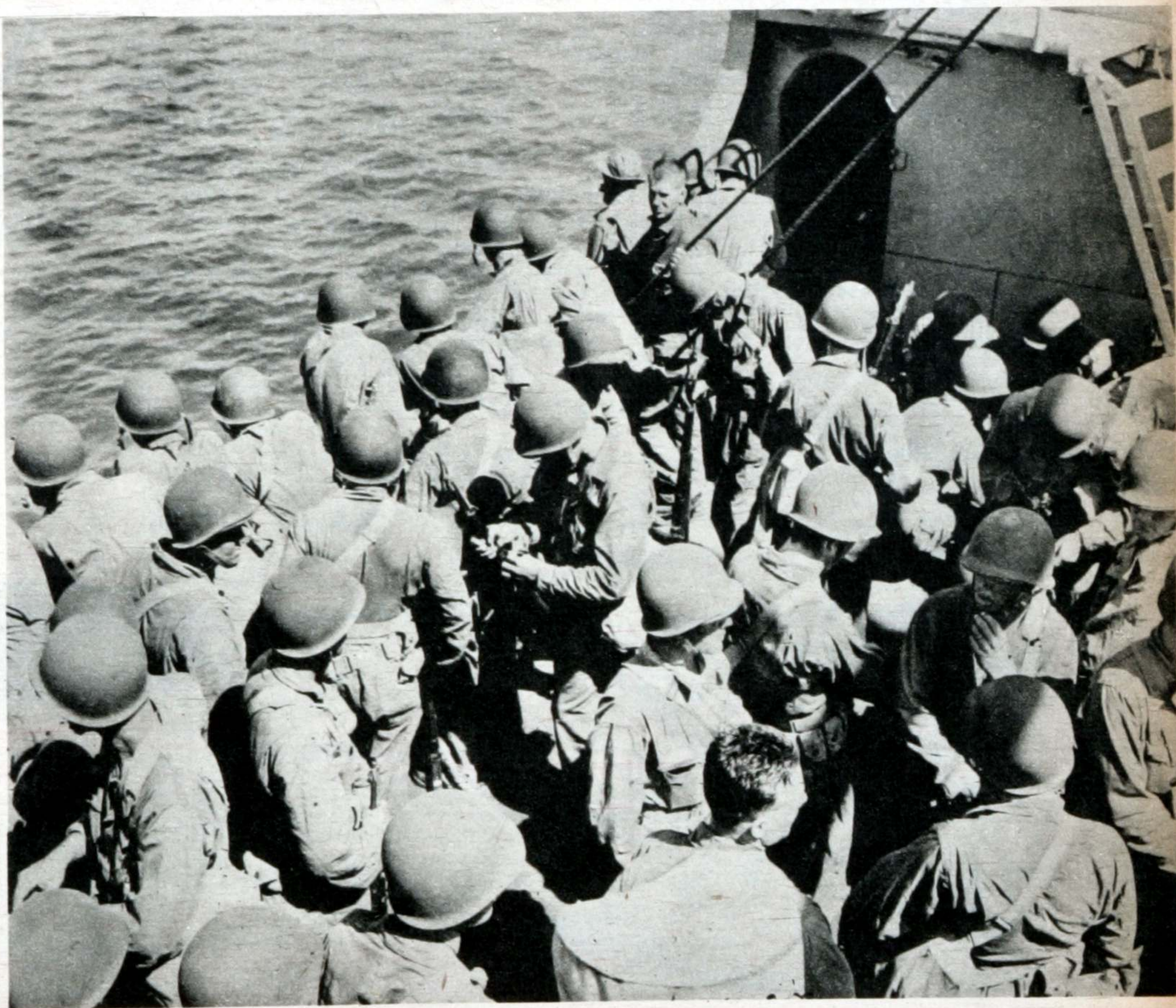
Stockings, War Style



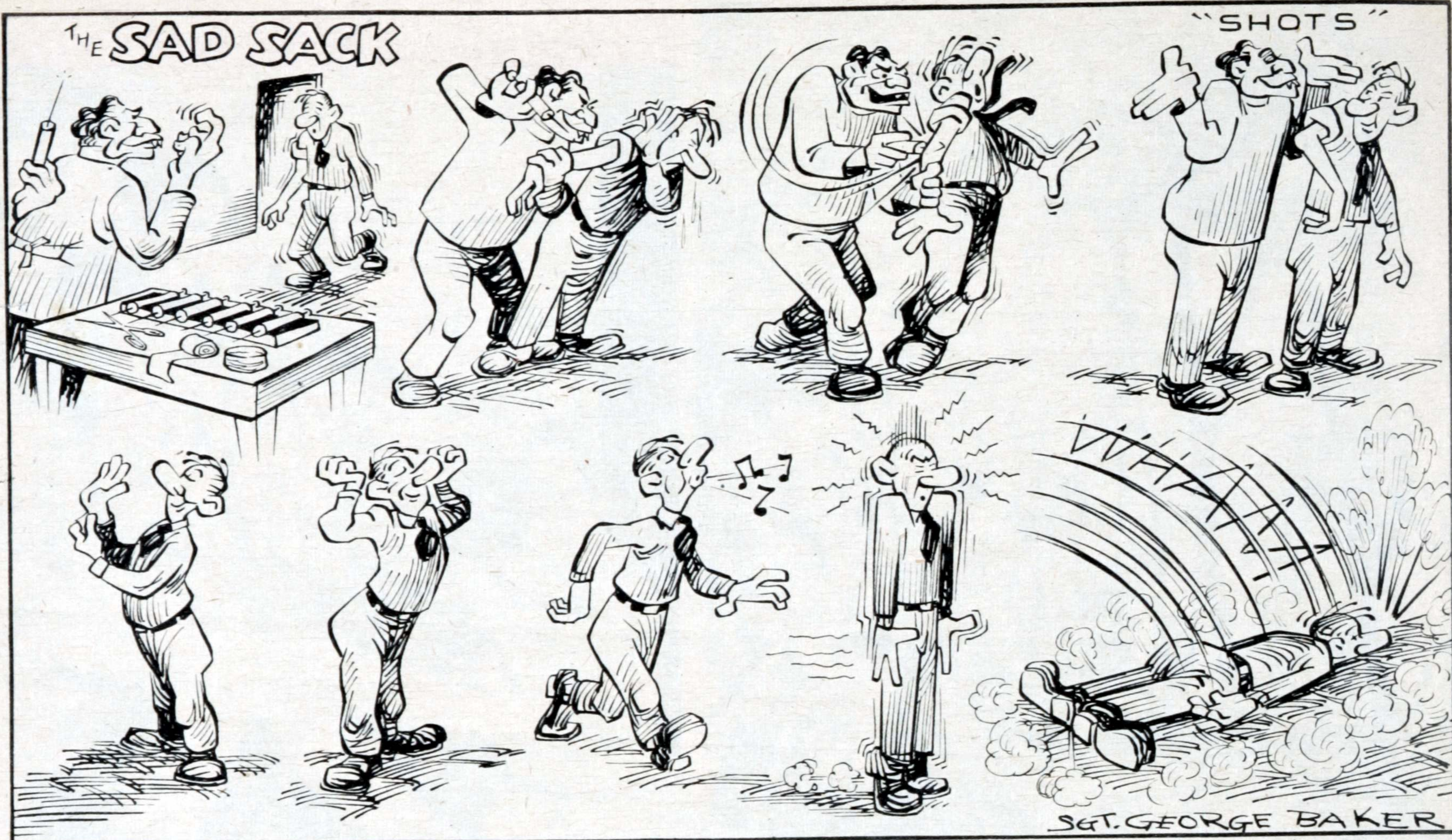
ART. This gallery of shapely gams is being played over with a paint-spray gun to create the illusion of stockings. No more runs for the duration for this war-wise octet of Hollywood chorus cuties.



Dotting the sky over Ireland, a flock of U.S. paratroopers have jumped out of troop-carrying planes and gently drop toward Ould Erin's sod.



ON THEIR WAY. Troops of a U.S. Army task force check their equipment en route from New Caledonia to the Solomons.



BETWEEN the LINES

THAT LONG-DISTANCE PHONE CALL

Pvt. Snodgrass of Walla Walla, Wash., telephones home from the Air Forces Replacement Center, Miami Beach, Fla. After having waited an hour and 45 minutes for a vacant 'phone booth, Pvt. Snodgrass finally puts through his call to his home in Walla Walla:

PVT. SNODGRASS: Hello! Hello! Is that you, Mom? . . . Hello, is that . . . Hello! Hello! [A squadron of AT-6s flying in formation makes it impossible to hear anything but a squadron of AT-6s.] Is that you, Mom? . . . Hello! Hello! How are you, Mom? How's Gertrude? I'm calling from Miami Beach, Mom. Speak louder, Mom! How's Gertrude? [Here there is a gurgling sound on the line, like the sound of water going down the drain of a bathtub.] Hello, Mom! No, I don't need any foot powder. I said speak louder! How is everything at home, Mom? How's Gertrude?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: [Cutting in] Are you the party who was trying to put through a call to Presque Isle, Maine?

PVT. SNODGRASS: Will you kindly keep off the line, operator? I'm trying to talk to Walla Walla, Wash.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Sorry, sir . . . all Washington trunk lines are busy.

PVT. SNODGRASS: Operator, operator! I don't want Washington. I'm talking to Walla Walla . . . How's Gertrude? I mean, get off the line, operator. . . . Hello, Mom! Are you still there? . . . Hello! Hello! Say, Mom, don't keep saying hello! I wanted to ask you, how's Gertrude? Can you hear me, Mom?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Deposit \$4.35 please! [Pvt. Snodgrass ignores this request entirely.]

PVT. SNODGRASS: Hello, Mom! How's everything? . . . How's Gertrude?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Hello, sir. . . . I'm still trying to get your call through to Tuscon, Ariz.

PVT. SNODGRASS: Well, Mom, I guess time's up. Remember me to Gertrude. Oh, I meant to ask you, Mom. . . . [At this point he gets cut off for good, and leaves the phone booth still wondering how Gertrude is.]

SGT. BROOKS ASHLEY
SPENCE FIELD, GA.



"Thanks for the light, pal!"

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



VOL. 1, NO. 24

NOV. 29, 1942

By the men... for the
men in the serviceSTRICTLY
G.I.

PX Santa Claus

TO EASE the burden of the civilian populace, which doesn't even have recourse to chaplains, the War Department has cooked up a Santa-Claus arrangement with the Army Exchange Service. Soldiers overseas may send Christmas gifts back home out of a catalogue.

The Post Exchange has the catalogues, listing several hundred gift choices. You fill out the order blank with your name and grade, the name and address of the lucky civilian, the catalogue number of the item and its price. Then you turn over the blank to the Post-Exchange officer and be at ease.

Arrangements have been made so that soldiers may order flowers which will be delivered on Christmas Day in any part of the U. S.

Mail Report

Mail sent overseas for the first 25 days of October: 3,396 tons, including over 1,000,000 Christmas parcels. Current flow of Christmas packages: 350,000 a day.

Deadline on packages to soldiers within the continental limits is Dec. 1.

Draft

Our long-sought draft board story came up this week. The Hollywood board walked out in a three-man huff when higher headquarters reclassified 30 of their registrants as 1-A. Said the trio, peevishly splitting an infinitive, "We have decided that our judgment to properly classify registrants has become passé." Passé, according to our dictionary, means "having lost the freshness and beauty of the prime."

The Women

A second and larger training school for WAACs is being opened at Daytona, Fla., to supplement the one at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. There'll be room enough for 6,000 trainees.

To entertain U. S. service men and merchant mariners, "to say nothing of the United Nations visiting forces," we have a new woman's organization—The War Agency Girls Society. Abbreviation: WAGS.

Biology

Columbia University anthropologists made ready to investigate draft board records to find out why there's more: heart trouble and flat feet from the Northwest, bad teeth and short stature from New England, goiter from the Great Lakes region, blindness from Texas, mental disorders from Maine and the South, deafness in the Northwest and New England, underweight from California and the East Coast, and tallness from the Northwest and the Southern mountain areas.

Engineers

The 1,671-mile Alcan Highway from Dawson Creek, Canada, to Fairbanks, Alaska, is now open. Army Engineers—10,000 of them—did the job in six months, which means an average of eight miles a day. The boys had to bridge 200 streams.

Statistics

War Department figures show that the Army now has 50,000 teenage men (18 and 19). Of these, 200 are officers, 200 more are in OCS and 5,000 are noncoms. One armored division has 213 men under 20, of whom two are staff sergeants, eight sergeants, 21 corporals and 23 pfc's.

Man-Eaters

News that the QMC is arranging to distribute a new insect bar, which will tuck in under shelter-tent walls and try to keep out sandflies and mosquitoes, will probably be welcomed in New Guinea, where the No. 1 song on the hit parade is an Australian lament entitled "The Man-Eating Mossies of Moresby." Chorus:

*"The man-eating mossies of Moresby,
They're big and their beaks are so sharp.
A nibble or two and you're just about through
And maybe you're playing a harp.
We don't care a rap for the bastardly Jap;
We'll fight him as all dinkum Aussies.
But, Lord up above, if your children you love,
Why on earth did you ever make mossies?"*

Attainment

Recognition comes at last to the Army mail clerk, who is elevated now from the grade of private to the position of technician-fifth.

Vacation Pay

Under a new decree of President Getulio Vargas, all Brazilian draftees will get half their civilian salaries in addition to their G.I. pay. The dinero comes from their old employers, who will be forced to shell out 50 per cent for the entire time their employees are in the Army.

Culture

The *Saturday Review of Literature* reports a private who wrote in to a book publisher praising Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." "It helped me a great deal to win friends in the U. S. Army," he wrote, and added wistfully, "Will you please send C.O.D. anything you have on the Sex Technique?"



ROUND ONE—AFRICA

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Bombs With Teeth

Cpl. Bernie Abrahams, of the Royal Regiment of Toronto, tells of an air-raid warden trying to hustle an English woman out of her home into a shelter during a bombing.

"Wait till I find my teeth," said the woman.

"What do you think they're dropping, lady, sandwiches?"

Flash—Germans Love Semites

Embarrassed Nazi racial theorists have recently discovered that the Arabs, with whom they are very anxious to make friends, are a Semitic people. This is how the squirming Prof. Walter Gross, director of the Racial Bureau of the National Socialist Party, explains the difference, over the Berlin radio:

"The expression anti-Semitism which had been used in Europe to designate the anti-Jewish movement is incorrect. The Semitic Arabian people and their language and culture have always aroused the affectionate interest of German science."

Beef—Well Done

After the RAF bombed a war plant in the Danish town of Skive, Propagandist Goebbels issued a communique stating that there was no damage except one cow was hit. The local paper obediently carried the German communique, adding only:

"The cow has been burning for four days."

Willkie's Desperate Journey

From a Japanese short-wave broadcast from Okazaki:

"The American Air Force in

China does not even have the courage to engage in guerrilla bombing attacks. It does not even try. It was because of this sort of difficulty that Willkie was instructed to hurry desperately to China. In other words, he was sent in order to have America saved by China."

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.

Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Praise the Army Classification:
Fits each man to his vocation—
To the job he did before.
Clerk, with little hesitation,
Gets an HQ situation—
He makes staff or maybe more.

If he blew a tune symphonic,
To the Army he's a tonic—
Bandsman now, and PFC.
If he cooked for Casey's Diner,
Nothing really could be finer—
Sergeant of the mess is he.

If he toyed with dots and dashes,
Split the ether with his flashes—
He's in Signal now—Tech 3rd.
If he worked for Clancy's Truck-
ing,
Now for the garage he's buck-
ing—
Making corporal, so we heard.

Butcher, baker, candlemaker,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, faker,
Get their jobs and rank, you
see.
Here's the newsman's situation:
Runs the weekly publication,
Always stays a P-V-T!
PVT. JOHN L. DOUGHERTY
FORT NIAGARA Drum
FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.

"GEE!"

I looked long and lovingly at her
And touched her gently with
care.
Gee, she sho' is a beaut!
The answer to a soldier's prayer!

My heart beat very strangely:
I just had to feel her!
"Hey soldier, come over here.
Look, an electric spud peeler!"
— PVT. RALPH ALFORD
FORT MYERS, FLA.

THE INNOCENTS

They call us mechanics
With a high I.Q.
But we really don't know
A bolt from a screw.

We march like farmers
And eat like a horse.
We're the pride and joy
Of the Army Air Force.
RAYMOND A. CRABTREE
GOLDSBORO (N. C.) AIR BASE

A CENSOR'S WOES

I am a censor, and oh! what a
curse;
Of all of my jobs, this is the
worst.
I read these letters till far in the
night,
And one in a hundred is prob-
ably right.
I hack and I cut with my trusty
blade
As on through the mountains of
mail I wade.
There are letters to sweethearts,
friends, and wives;
It's strange to know intimately
so many lives.
I read of their 'plaints, ambitions
and dreams.

Of their sorrows, loves, and of
their schemes.
Here I must cut for he mentions
the rain.
Another slice out for he talks of
terrain.
Another deletion—he wrote of a
date!
Must cut again; says "shipments
are late."
Enclosed is a picture that cannot
be sent
For in it there shows one each
G.I. tent.
The letter's in ribbons—it's cut
full of rents;
To whom it's addressed, 'twill
never make sense.
Hundreds of letters I sign, seal
and stamp;
At the end of the day, I've got
writers' cramp.

I've done my job well, at least so
I feel,
But gad! Here's another I have
yet to seal.
I'm tired and I'm weary, I'll give
this one hell;
Who'd write such drivvel? Please
pray me tell.
Well, this letter's censored, in
full, goodness knows,
All's gone but "dearest" and
"with love I close."
This is the worst I have seen in
my life.
What's this? Ye gods! From me
to my wife!
1ST LT. GEORGE A. GILLESPIE
AUSTRALIA

DEAR YANK:

I'm just a plain private from
Brooklyn, the best borough in the
world, but we all get fooled once.
I had an experience the first day I
got to Jefferson Barracks. The ser-
geant told us we were going to have
a G.I. party in our barracks so we
hurried and got into our dress uni-
forms, shaved, shined our shoes and
thinking we would have lots to eat,
missed our supper. We had our G.I.
party but not the one we thought.
It turned out to be scrubbing the
barracks on our hands and knees.
The other boys rib us and ask us to
go to one of their G.I. parties.

PVT. VINCENT ALAMIO
JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.

DEAR YANK:

I read your article on Service
Men's Dependent's Allowance Act.
There are a few things I would like
to know. First of all, what procedure
do you follow in order to get the
money that you have anted up? I
have been putting up my \$22 a month
and to date I have not received any
word as to when it will be paid. I
wouldn't say a word if my wife
didn't need the money. Other units of
the Army have been paid off but the
3rd Armored Division has not. My
wife believes that I haven't made the
allotment and I want to know how to
get the money for she does need it.
Give me full details as to the way of
getting the allotment to her.

CPL. A. J. ARNOLD
INDIO (CALIF.) DESERT MANEUVERS

There are lots of things that may be delaying
your dough. It takes time to verify and review
claims, and the War Department is very careful
on this. If by chance your application is disap-
proved, take the disapproval to your personnel
officer and he will see that any deductions from
your pay are made up. We're writing you di-
rectly on this.

MAIL CALL



DEAR YANK:

Can you send me a description of
glider pilot training, the qualifica-
tions, physical and mental, and how
an EM can apply? I know an EM
here with 130 hours of flying time.
CPL. A. E. PIESNER
FORT LEONARD WOOD, MO.

You must be between 18 and 35, pass a stiff
physical exam, and have eyes that rate no worse
than 20 40 without glasses correctible to 20 20.
Also, the minimum aerial requirements for class
A training include, among many other things,
completion of 200 or more glider flights, or at
least 50 hours of flying time. We're writing you
more fully on this.

DEAR YANK:

I hear songs of the Air Force
"glamor" boys, the Navy "girl-in-
every-port" boys, the Marine "we-
grant-permission-to-the-sun-to-
shine" boys, and the Tankers, Para-
troopers, Commandos and all the
others. However, no one seems to re-
member one of the oldest, toughest,
smartest, gentlemanliest outfits in
any fighting force in the world, the
Engineers.

I see many drinks called the Com-
mando Special, the Paratroop Spe-
cial, the Air Force Fizzle (pardon
me—Fizz) and other specials. I have
asked bartenders at various bars in
many places in the world to mix me
a drink as follows: A jigger of
brandy, a jigger of gin, and a jigger
of creme de menthe (green) with
just enough ginger ale to fill two

cocktail glasses. I have called this
the "Royal Nonsuch" and "Swamp
Water" for want of a better name,
but now I believe it should become
internationally known as the "Engi-
neer."

It is to be definitely understood
that Engineers are not heavy drink-
ers; they are just drinking gentle-
men like Washington, Hamilton,
Lee, Grant, the Roosevelts and
many more.

Engineers, I give you the Engi-
neer! When the Marines guard the
streets of heaven, we'll have built
them.

1ST LT. ARTHUR E. BLECHA
ALASKA DEFENSE COMMAND

DEAR YANK:

Why should we of the Army and
Marines have to stand by and see
our own buddies and even members
of our own families in the Coast
Guard and Navy promoted in rank
just because they passed examina-
tions that we couldn't take?

I am quite positive that nearly
100 per cent of the Army and
Marines would like to have our
methods of promotion go on a com-
petitive-examination basis. Our mo-
rale would hit a new high, as would
our efficiency.

PVT. ALFRED R. PETERSEN
LINCOLN (NEBR.) AIR BASE

DEAR YANK:

Your weekly is terrific. That
"Blues In Berlin" lyric was espe-
cially interesting. [YANK July 8].

What I would like to see YANK
sponsor is a marching song. That is
the only thing lacking now and
should not be overlooked.

PVT. HERBERT H. NICHOLS
SOUTH PACIFIC

Words Across The Sea

Sgt. Arthur L. McCarty of Lubbock,
Texas, wants the all-important in-
telligence trans-



mitted to his old
college chum,
Cpl. Oscar (Pete)
Woodson, that
"Texas Tech now
plays teams in
the Southwest
Conference."
Last heard from,
Cpl. Woodson was
in Australia. Sgt.

McCarty is still with the 131st
Field Artillery at Camp Edwards,
but he's sure Pete will know what
his heart is deep in the heart of.

Pfc. Hal Duncan, ASN 20757782,
APO 939, Seattle, Wash., wants to
find two former friends from his
outfit who are now in the Navy:
Huey (Happy) Murphy and Leon
P. Reeves. Hal wrote us sometime
in October. Will readers please tip
off Murphy and Reeves, if known
to them?

Cpl. Charles Schouw is one of a pair
of brothers from Brooklyn who



have become
corporals for
Uncle Sam in
distant corners of
the war world.
He says he is
working harder
now at Camp Ed-
wards (Mass.)
Outpost with the
Engineer Amphib-
ian Command

than he ever did as a sand-blast-
er. He wants to know if his brother,
Cpl. George, is "finding things" as
tough at APO 919 as they were at
the Edison outfit."

Sgt. John Perry, 23, of Fort Jay,
N. Y., has been in the service for 15



months. He'd like
to get this mes-
sage to Sgt.
George Jessen in
Australia: "Sgt.
Lyman is married
at last and lives
on the post at Fort
Jay. He mentioned
your last letter to
him and gave me
his address. I'll

write to you at once. Hope to be with
you soon to help give 'em hell."

Pfc. A. E. Shanafelt, 321st Ser-
vice Sq., Harding Field, Baton
Rouge, La., is trying to find R. L.
McClure, ASN 18085190 of Waco,
Okla., Ted Sims of Sheppard Field,
Texas, and Danny Thomson of
Moscow, Idaho. The last letter
Shanafelt got had the address
trimmed off by the censors and
he's plenty burned up.

Pvt. Zenon Wisniewski used to aim
a mean paint-spray gun in a De-



troit plant. Now
he sprays his
throat between
phone calls at the
Camp Edwards
(Mass.) Locator
Center. To his old
pal, Gene Caton of
Rapid City, S. D.,
who used to be a
specialist third
class, and who is

now with an Engineer detachment
somewhere in Ireland, Pvt. Wis-
niewski reports: "I'm out of the
hospital now. Hope I can join the
boys soon."

SADLY THE TROUBADOUR . . .

Lyrics by CPL. MARION HARGROVE

Lantern-Slides by SGT. RALPH STEIN

IF the Army of the U. S. ever breaks into open rebellion or goes over the hill in a body, it will be because the War Department won't ban guitars and accordions from the baggage of incoming recruits.

There are some few members of the military who don't go into town every night to drink beer or chase luscious young womanhood or slug it out with the MPs. There are some home-loving souls who don't even go over to the Service Club. They want only to sit in the quiet of their barracks or their tents, writing to the near and dear ones at home or just reading their comic books in peace and serenity.

Invariably, just as darkness falls, their quiet is disturbed by the twang of a git-fiddle or the unhappy wail of an a-cordeen, accompanied by a nasal back-country voice that goes:

*"Oh, she taken my pore heart
And she broken it in two
An' left me hyurr a-pinin' fer
That triftin' Lola Lou!
Oh, git on down; oh, git on down!"*

Men have grown mad and run screaming out into the night after hearing these unearthly lamentations for periods of less than an hour. A technical sergeant at Fort Ethan Allen is said to have been driven out of his senses by them to such an extent that he spent all his pay (including longevity) buying cigarettes for privates first class.

Then there are persistent rumors, still going strong after two years, about a first lieutenant at Fort Uachuca, Ariz., who was so rattled by continued exposure to a barracks troubadour that he gave out furloughs at the rate of three a week until he was taken away in the quilted buggy.

This is not to say that all barracks musicians are guitarists or accordionists. Some companies in the Army have men who drive their fellows to the peace and quiet of the guard-house with stronger measures. These are men with saxophones, men with tubas, men with fully-equipped one-man bands. But no matter how loud their clamor or how brassy their tone, these squad-room squawkers can't hold a tuning-fork to the weeping willies—the menaces with squeeze-boxes and git-tars.

Where these unhappy minstrels come from is a mystery. What can be done with them is a problem faced by almost every outfit in the Army.

Kindness can't deal with them. Tender-hearted souls the world over have tried selling them on the idea of taking their guitars and accordions over to the Service Club to perform in public. Service Club hostesses drive them away, telling them their talents are needed at home.

Simple expedients of the milder variety are of no avail. Kindly barracks orderlies try such methods as pouring cups of water into the instruments during the morning hours—to get the things out of tune—but the troubadours play on. They have no ear for tone. It only makes things harder for the listeners.

Strong-arm tactics are equally hopeless. When beaten within inches of their lives the barracks meistersingers bear it philosophically and inject it into their music as pathos.

*"I don't reckon nobody loves me;
"I don't reckon noooooobody cares;
Lordy, I'm a lonesome loverri—"*

Even if you were to burn down the barracks over their heads, they would emerge from the ashes singing songs of faith and hope.

Can anything be done about them? It can.

Some sympathetic secretary to one of the higher-ups in the War Department could put this suggestion up to the General Staff:

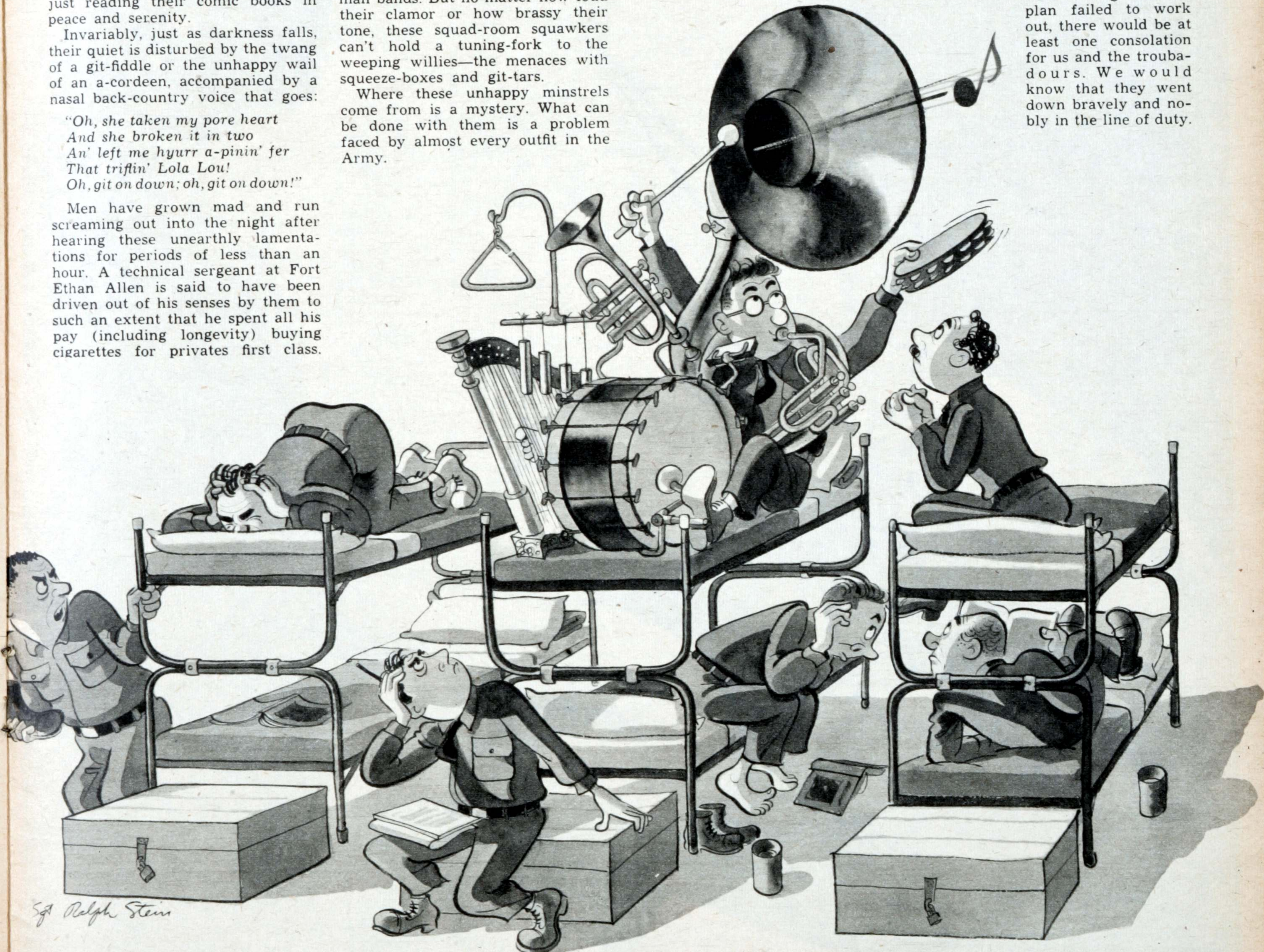
Organize all the barracks trouba-



The baggage of incoming recruits.

dors into one huge tactical organization to hover close to the front lines. There they could be of tremendous value in harassing and demoralizing the enemy.

Even if something went wrong and the plan failed to work out, there would be at least one consolation for us and the troubadours. We would know that they went down bravely and nobly in the line of duty.



"This is not to say that all barracks musicians are guitarists or accordionists."





BROADWAY. The authorities are cracking down on the new shows that have brought back burlesque under the guise of legitimate attractions. One is already in the courts as a test case, and if cast and producer are found guilty a wave of closings is expected. . . . Wives left behind for the duration have organized Broadway War Brides, Inc., which gets together a weekly news letter of gossip for husbands in the service. . . . Most promising play being written seems to be the one by Jed Harris. Ben Hecht and Nunnally Johnson, three top names in show business. . . . Reports on Thornton Wilder's new play, "Skin of



Tallulah Bankhead

Your Teeth" with Tallulah Bankhead, indicate a futuristic pattern with the stage turned into a madhouse.

MUSIC. Artie Shaw, who enlisted in the Navy as a seaman, is now chief petty officer. . . . Kay Kyser's recording of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" is in such great demand that the manufacturer can't make the discs fast enough. . . . Howard Wellman, trumpeter with Tommy Tucker, got a



Jane Froman

sock in the eye, a ride on a garbage truck, and a few hours in jail before he was able to retrieve the trumpet his 8-year-old son gave to the local scrap drive. . . . The girls who lead rhumba orchestras seem to pick the same sort of names. Narita, Jovita, and Dacita all wave batons for different bands. . . . Latest musical author is Jane Froman, who is penning a book on will power, with special emphasis on how she conquered stammering.

HOLLYWOOD. Good news for Alice Faye fans. She is back before the cameras after a long 18 months. . . . Look for the Crosby Quintet on your hit parade 20 years hence. Bing now has four children, and a fifth is on the way. . . . Joan Leslie, who still goes to school, claims that she memorizes history dates during those long kisses in front of the cameras. . . . An English film, "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing," is the new thriller-diller. . . . Irene Dunne will take up where Myrna Loy left off in the "Thin Man" series. She will play opposite William Powell in the next. . . . Latest word on the shortage of movie leading men is that Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck, who has seen 50 summers, has been signed by one studio as a romantic leading man.



Alice Faye

age of movie leading men is that Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck, who has seen 50 summers, has been signed by one studio as a romantic leading man.

HERE AND THERE. The Singer Sewing Machine Company reports that the first stop sailors make at foreign ports is the local Singer office, where they get the girls to sew on the stripes they have just earned. . . . Canada will have "This Is the Army" as a radio show which later will tour and then go to England. . . . "Red, White, and Khaki," an all-soldier revue staged by the men of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center at Montgomery, Ala., starts out on five nightly bond-selling stands through Mississippi. Pvt. Morris Efron wrote the show. . . . Latest recruit to go to war in the pages of a book is Topper, who will be revived for the duration in a book called "Thorne Smith's Topper Goes To War," by Norman Matson.

Maria Montez

The luscious lady who is pictured on the opposite page has her first starring role in Universal's Technicolor film "Arabian Nights." Maria is Spanish, which probably accounts for those eyes.

GWEN THROWS A MEAN PARTY

ON THE stage as Janie in a play called "Janie," Gwen Anderson throws a party for some soldiers. She throws the party (she thinks) for four soldiers, but around 200 show up, plus a red-headed sailor. The party is what you would expect. The G.I.s find Pop's best bourbon, the neighbors call up to register a kick, the cops descend and, in the middle of it all, Janie's family arrives to put her in the coldest corner of the dog house.

The funny thing is that young Anderson, who is 21 and has big brown eyes and a shape to remember on the 4-to-6 guard trick, could probably throw just such a party to perfection in real life. She likes us.

She started getting conscious of soldiers on a train from Iowa to New York. She was on the train because she wanted to have a try at the New York stage. She was born and bred in Des Moines and she'd had a yen for acting ever since her tot days.

Ever since her tot days her friends and neighbors had laughed off her ambition. "Gwen'll grow out of it," they said. And Gwen laughed dutifully with them, and kept her conviction that she was going to be an actress.

She went normally from tot to brat, and then to high school. She was still going to be an actress. The friends and neighbors still laughed.

She went to Pasadena, Calif., to dramatic school. She played stock at Santa Monica with Judith Anderson. She appeared in "The Constant Wife" with Vincent Price. But the friends and neighbors still had their chuckles.

Then came the trip to New York and you can guess who's chuckling now. Gwen walked into the casting of "Janie." In less time than it takes to laugh back at a friend or neighbor, Gwen was Janie and doing very nicely with audience applause and good press notices.

To get back to that Iowa-New York train—there was khaki on it. "There were two



Gwen Anderson.

of the nicest bombardiers from Roswell, N. M.," she recalls. "The whole train was like that. It was simply crammed with the loveliest soldiers. . . ."

New York is like that, too.

"Millions of soldiers here," Gwen says. "From camps all around and on furlough and everything. The other night I met an Eskimo. He's a soldier, too."

THIS BUCKAROO IS A BEAUT

THE Cavalry, brother, is overlooking something in Miss Berenice Taylor Dossey. Miss Dossey is of medium height and of strictly marvelous proportions, but she has more than that to recommend her specifically to the brotherhood of the stable. Miss Dossey rides hosses like few other characters, male or female, civilian or G.I., can ever hope to ride them.

Miss Dossey has been riding horses in an unorthodox manner since 1936 when she first appeared in a rodeo as a trick rider. She does shoulder stands and Roman stands and tail stands and back drags, all of which are just as strenuous as they sound. Your drill sergeant would take you off that next trash detail if you had half the body coordination Miss Dossey displays balanced more or less on the nape of her neck on a horse that's making good time around the arena.

The horse in question is named Tony (no kin to the late Tom Mix steed) and has been with Miss Dossey from the start of her rodeo career. He's sure footed and immune to shying, two very necessary traits in a trick-riding horse. Only once in six years has he laid a hoof on his lovely mistress.

That was a few years back when she was doing an "underneck." An "underneck" is just what it sounds like; the rider slides down under the neck of the horse and comes up t'other side. This time Miss Dossey slid too gradually and Tony nicked away a goodly portion of her cheek bone with a left front hoof. The cheek bone healed, but Miss D. hasn't forgotten. "That isn't going to happen again," she says.

A rodeo performer doesn't get the chance to play for soldiers that other entertainers do. Miss Dossey regrets this. There are so many of her friends in the service that the show doesn't seem the same. "It looks like every other cowboy's in uniform now," she says, "and soon it will be more than that. But right now that khaki is a lot more important than fancy boots and hand-made saddles."

Miss Dossey naturally favors the Cavalry



Berenice Taylor Dossey

above other branches. There's only one thing about the Cavalry she can't quite understand. "I don't see how they stay so stiff," she wondered. "I know they have to look smart and military and all that, but I don't see how they can concentrate on riding, propped up like that with sour pussies."

SPORTS: ARMY COMMANDO TACTICS LIFT BEARS TO MONEY AND FAME

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

THERE has been a lot of talk lately about the way college football prepares men for the rigors of war. If that is true, and if some West Pointers, for instance, make better officers because of their football training, then the graduates of pro football should go right into Commando work.

No one can accuse pro football of being remotely sportsmanlike in the true, or Ivy League, sense. It is a rough game for adults, played for hard cash and no mercy. Its personnel are aging athletes of no sentimentality who frequently act on the assumption that the meaner they are on the field the happier the wife and kiddies will be in the dining room. This is a very practical way to act, and while it does not make good newspaper copy it frequently makes a lot of money in the bank and a peaceful, if slightly punchy, old age.

This is not meant to disparage the frequently clean and often profitable sport of college football, but simply to point out that it is the methods of pro football that are being taught to our young men in khaki these days. Not that a member of any upright professional football team would gouge or knee an opponent if the referee were looking—it is only that their tactic of playing for keeps is a good one to follow these days.

Pointing for Redskins Again

The leading exponents of this art of cooperative slaughter are the Chicago Bears, a collection of beef on the hoof unequalled since the days of Buffalo Bill. These gentle lads are currently undefeated in their league and have scored 228 points to their opponents' 70. This is a fair score for anything, from aerial battles over North Africa to killing Japs in the Solomons. The Bears recently defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers by a lopsided score, grieving the Dodger coach no end by disposing of his first-string guard and center in the early stages of the game. This naturally had nothing to do with the fact that Brooklyn is short on guard and center replacements. The Bears simply play to win.

There had been some talk that the entire Bears' team was to be drafted so that the T formation could be used to open some more second fronts. This was later found to be a base canard, circulated by the jealous Washington Redskins. The Redskins are in the unenviable position of leading the Eastern Division while the Bears lead the Western Division. This means that they will once again meet for the earth-shaking championship, with probably the same results as last year. At that time the Bears played under wraps and eked out a 71-0 victory, thereby originating the word "blitzkrieg." There is some chance that this year will see an even tighter ball game, since the Bears are known to be worry-

ing about their sons and grandsons overseas.

No one has yet been able to figure out the secret of the Bears' success, although many have tried. It embodies all the traits of a successful army, however. On any given play the Bears usually get to the



Bill Osmanski is a Chicago Bear Commando

line of scrimmage "fustest with the mostest men"; they have close and efficient cooperation between the air arm and the ground force; and they never over-extend their lines of communication, like sending out a pass-receiver further than Sid Luckman can throw the ball. According to their opponents, they also come out on the field with 27 extra men and a light tank, but this charge can be dismissed as sour grapes.

As a matter of fact, the Army has made use of the Chicago Bears, besides drafting a few of their younger men. In the tactics department of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, they teach a troop maneuver that is closely patterned on the Bears' famous flanker play.

Or maybe it's the other way around.

Yanks In Australia Get Fight Shows

By SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON

YANK's Australian Bureau

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Yanks who came down here to fight the Japs are warming up for a main bout with the No. 1 sport of fighting men—boxing.

They've even got a reasonably exact facsimile of Mike Jacobs to promote their shows. It's none other than Tod Morgan, the Seattle boy who won the world junior lightweight championship in 1925 and broke into Bob Ripley's "Believe it or Not" cartoon by defending his crown 19 times before losing it.

Tod came to Australia in 1933 on a barnstorming ring tour and stayed here, settling down to do business as a fighter and as a promoter, too. In no time at all, he became as well known a pugilistic figure throughout the length and breadth of this land down under as Jack Dempsey.

Stages Interallied Shows

Today, still a U. S. citizen, he's working for the U. S. Army as a civilian athletic technician. He supervises boxing ring construction at camps and air fields wherever Yanks are stationed and organizes Army glove shows. Recently he helped run an interallied boxing tournament that drew 6,000 soldiers and civilians to one of Australia's fight arenas.

"Interallied bouts should become a big thing," Tod says.

"Aussie soldiers love boxing as much as we do. But it's the American soldier in the bush camps and advanced battle areas that I want to help most of all. I want to see that boxing rings and equipment are available to U. S. fighting men wherever they may be in Australia and New Guinea."

To accomplish that mission, the pugnosed, cauliflower-eared, tough little Tod must keep on the go, day and night. He travels all over the place seeking out new fighters in uniform, getting them equipment and breaking in soldier promoters to keep the new boxing rings busy.



WHAT'S HAPPENED:

AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY, AND A THOROUGH SOAKING, VIC AND HANK ARE SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR EFFORTS TO GET ABOARD THE SABOTEUR'S FAST POWER CRUISER.

AS THE SLEEK CRAFT PUTS OFF FOR A MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION, THEY ARE STOWAWAYS IN ITS LIFEBOAT.



WHAT'S TO DO NOW, VIC? THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM FOR US WITHOUT HELP AND NO OTHER BOATS IN SIGHT!

ONLY THING TO DO IS WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. WITH ANY LUCK, MAYBE WE CAN STILL FIX THEIR WAGON.



HEY, WE'RE PASSING THE NARROWS. IT'S THE OPEN SEA FOR SURE NOW.



MEANWHILE, IN THE CRUISER'S CABIN.

EVERYTHING IS NOW PREPARED FOR THE HERR OBERLEUTNANT. IT REMAINS ONLY TO CONTACT HIM. REMEMBER, HE IS THE EXPERT AND WILL BE OBEYED WITHOUT QUESTION.

JAWOHL, BARONESS, ONE WORD IS ENOUGH!



HERR CAPTAIN, WE HAF SIGHTED OUR OBJECTIVE!



WE'RE SLOWING DOWN. HANK! LOOK THERE—OFF THE STARBOARD BOW—A SUBMARINE!

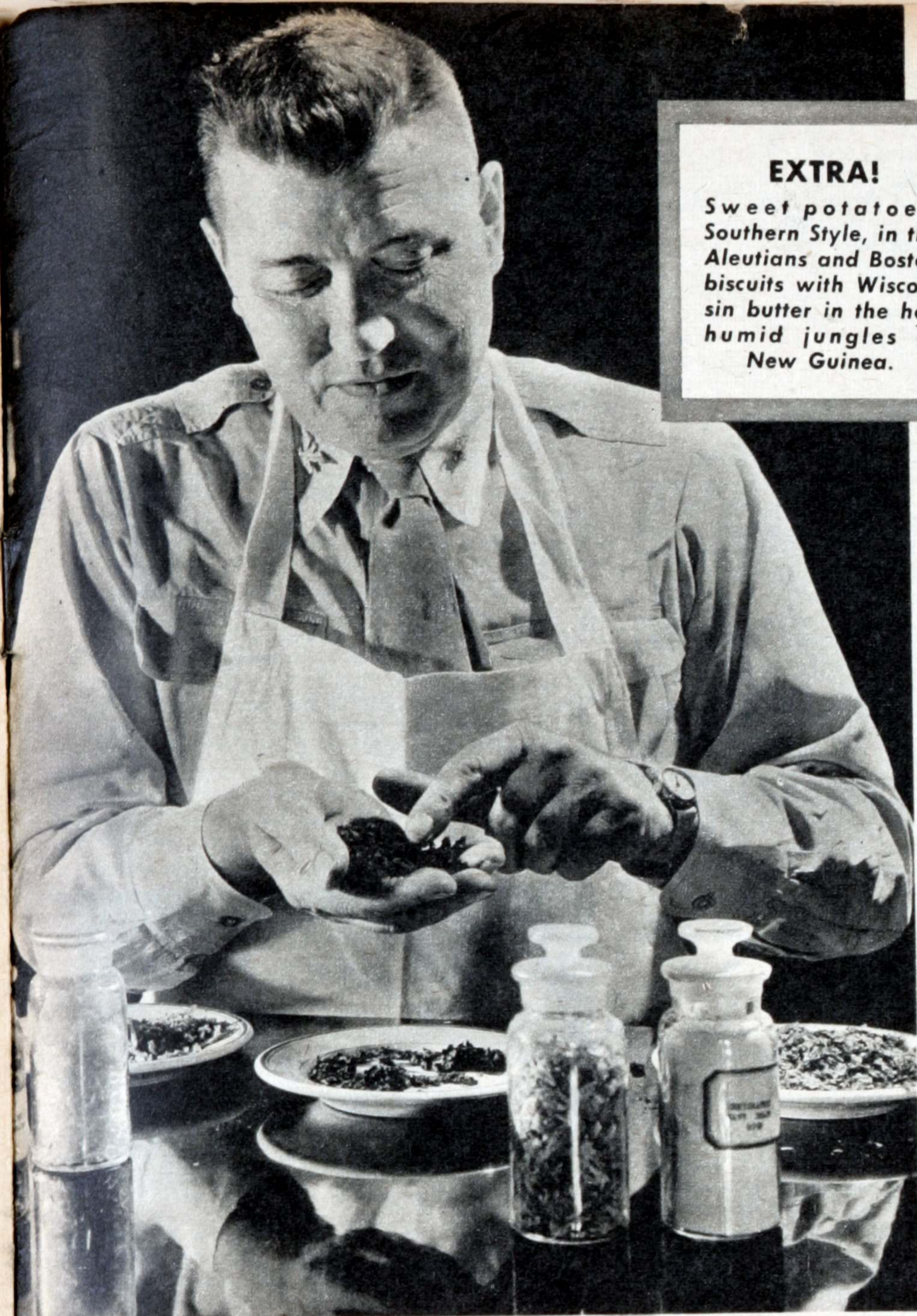


...THEN SEND SOME MEN AFT AND GET THE LIFEBOAT UNSHIPED.

AYE, AYE, MEIN HERR!



O-O! HERE THEY COME!



In Chicago, Col. Isker examines dehydrated vegetable samples.

EXTRA!
Sweet potatoes, Southern Style, in the Aleutians and Boston biscuits with Wisconsin butter in the hot, humid jungles of New Guinea.



In the desert, a dusty soldier sits down to eat his K ration.

Good News for Chow Hounds

Army food experts in Chicago are beating the Axis on the test-tube front with dehydrated meats, fruits and vegetables that give fresh, tasty American meals to American fighting men in the front lines of Africa, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands.

By SGT. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

CHICAGO—Recently, in an isolated outpost deep in the New Guinea jungle, a G.I. meal was served to a detachment of U.S. Army Air Force technical troops. The meal consisted of hot corned-beef hash from Texas, mashed Idaho potatoes, shoestring turnips from New Jersey with Iowa bacon, a synthetic vitamin C lemon drink developed in New York, a vanilla pudding packaged in San Francisco, and coffee blended from Colombian and Santos stocks. Served with the meal were Boston biscuits, and a Wisconsin butter that did not melt or become rancid in the steaming 105-degree heat.

A week or so later, American troops landed in the Andreanof Islands, 365 miles from the nearest Japanese outpost in the bitter-cold, fog-shrouded Aleutians. As the men streamed ashore in their Higgins boats, their food went with them—not loaded painstakingly into the boats, but dumped unceremoniously overboard and floated in with the tide, thus releasing men and equipment for fighting. The containers seemed to be ordinary cardboard, but miraculously they were watertight. That night the men ate vegetable soup, fried

fresh-water herring, mashed potatoes, carrots, apple sauce, caramel pudding, biscuits and coffee.

In the trackless New Guinea jungle, an Australian colonel took one look at what the Americans were eating, and murmured: "What next?"

In the bleak Andreanofs, a Canadian sergeant shook his head and muttered something about another one of them blasted American miracles. The Americans just ate, not even thinking twice how their fresh American food got to them.

And so another American miracle has come to pass. It is just a minor miracle, as miracles go, principally because it's wartime and the publicity hasn't had a chance to catch up with it yet. But in the immensity of its scope, it ranks as a scientific milestone. It's strictly an Army miracle, too. A handful of officer-scientists working here in the Subsistence Research Laboratory of the sprawling Chicago Quartermaster Depot have actually advanced the entire field of food research more than 10 years.

Col. Rohland A. Isker, head of the lab, tells how it came about. "All of a sudden," he says, "we found ourselves at war, and faced with the problem of getting good American food into places that had never even smelled American food before. All of a sudden we had to develop

chow that would stand every possible climate and could travel thousands of miles to millions of American soldiers—when we had just about enough ships available to feed the Marine Corps. On top of that, there was no more metal for tin cans and containers. In short, it was one helluva job. But we did it."

And how they did it. Their work will probably change the eating habits of the world for generations after the war is won.

The first thing they developed after raiding the

Here's Why We Dehydrate Food



The food in the above nine ships can be carried by the one ship below after it is dehydrated.



Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery for some of the country's finest scientific brains, was the famous K ration, a revolutionary advance in emergency foods. Next, they tackled the half-solved problem of dehydrated (water-removed) foods, and came up with flakes of cabbage, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, etc., that would keep a year or more, take up one sixth the shipping space, and taste just like the original fresh produce when water was added thousands of miles from the shipping point.

A black and white photograph of a man in a flight suit sitting inside a transparent pressure chamber. He is holding a mechanical device with a spring handle. The chamber is surrounded by metal rods and structural elements.

Then they worked on new containers—glassine and laminated cellophane bags, wax-paper boxes, asphalt-hardened cardboard cases, and fibre cans, all of which were waterproof, heatproof, cold-proof, insect-proof, even mustard-gas-proof.

Now they're developing new foods for shipment and drawing up specifications for mess sergeants all over the world, involving the use of tropical and Arctic products never known to be edible before. They're all being tested here—shark steak, drumfish, tundra moss. On Bataan, the fighting quartermasters fed the men fresh fish and meat caught and prepared according to the instructions sent out by this laboratory. In the Solomons and Africa, the food problem is so simplified that condensed and dehydrated foods are actually light and compact enough to be flown in by plane. If a battalion ever gets isolated by the enemy, one C-46 transport plane per day can drop enough dehydrated rations to keep the outfit well-fed and happy with a varied, nourishing diet.

Like almost everything else, it was the enemy that made the first big step forward in battle rations. And like everything else, we are now pinning their ears back with our preponderance of research and production.

According to an article in the scholarly magazine *Food Industries*, the Germans first developed advanced food techniques in the Norwegian campaign. This was one of the principal factors in the smashing German victory. While the Allies struggled with old-fashioned food convoys, the Nazis supplied their troops from the air with special rations, 60 per cent of which were dehydrated cakes of vegetables, milk and eggs, and sauerkraut. The stuff was flat and vile-tasting. But it was nourishing. And the German mountain and mechanized forces swept on, unhampered by slow-moving supply trains.

Axis Had Advantage, Until—

A few months later, British reconnaissance planes noticed strange factories springing up all along the north shore of the Mediterranean. For months they wondered what these factories were. When Rommel struck in Libya, they found out.

The factories were dehydrators. Rommel's army was getting every bit of its food in six hours—incredibly light cakes of dehydrated food, transported by air across the Mediterranean, and dropped by parachute to hard-fighting advanced units. Again the Allies were caught flatfooted. Their food was still coming in bulk—and again they were hamstrung by the slow-moving supply columns and convoys.

The Japanese, too, had their dehydrated rice and vegetable patties, and this was one of the principal reasons for their rapid advance through the jungles of Malaya and the South Pacific.

Then we swung into action, and in six months the situation changed.

Our foods, developed here at Chicago, not only were light and easily transportable; they also had an appetizing, natural flavor that the Axis could not approach. In special containers, these amazing new rations soon were being shipped to United Nations forces all over the world.

Thus, a shipment of 27 million pounds of potatoes, which ordinarily filled the holds of three medium-sized merchant vessels, can now be dehydrated to three million pounds, and tucked away in one third of the hold of a single medium-sized cargo ship. At the destination, the dehydrated potatoes can be reconstituted by the addition of water to nearly all of its original 27 million pounds. In this way, two and two thirds ships are freed for the transportation of men and valuable equipment. As Lt. Joseph Burkhart here at the laboratory puts it, "We were foolishly using thousands of merchant vessels for shipping nothing but water. Now we know better—and as a result, food is tying up only one sixth the number of ships it used to."

All food research for the entire Army is done in a five-room laboratory occupying barely 200 square feet of the million or so in the Chicago Quartermaster Depot.

Col. Isker, a tough, likeable six-foot cavalry man, first came here as a troop commander where he became dissatisfied with the food his troop was getting. He wanted to learn how to improve it. Col. Isker had been in the Cavalry since 1916 when he enlisted as a private and served on the Mexican border. He learned so much about food as a result of his course of instruction, that when the Cavalry was mechanized and he had trouble distinguishing between a spark plug and a fuel can, he was sent back to the Subsistence Research Laboratory to be its commanding officer.

The colonel is the practical man in the lab. From his own experience, he knows exactly what the enlisted man wants. Not the tiniest food item is approved by the lab until the colonel himself has sampled it. It was his idea to put chewing gum and cigarettes into the K ration. As an old cavalryman, he knew the value of chewing gum for "cutting the dust" in dry, thirsty throats. The cigarettes were included, says the colonel with a knowing grin, "to keep the meat can from rattling around in the package."

Lab Officers All Fighting Men

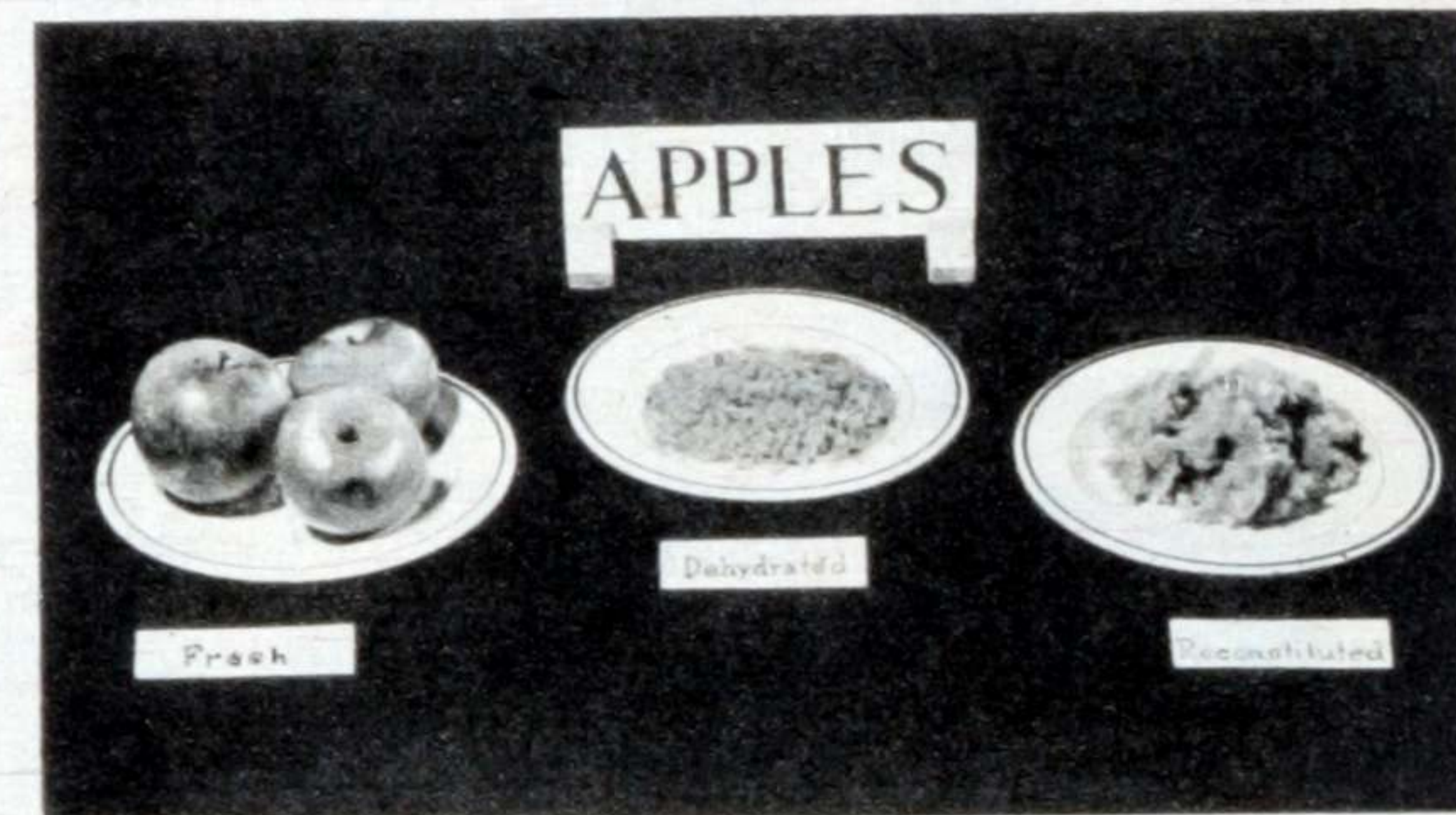
Handling the actual research in the laboratories are officers who were brilliant young scientists before the war. They are all fighting men. Most of them were line officers in the field until the Army caught them up and returned them to the work for which they were best fitted.

Capt. V. O. Wodicka, for instance, was a Coast Artillery officer holding a ROTC commission from Washington University. Before Pearl Harbor, 27-year-old Capt. Wodicka startled the scientific world with his experiments in vitamin analysis—and actually developed some of the foremost methods in use today for determining photometrically the vitamin content of foods.

Today he's in charge of the Combat Ration and Technical Branch. He analyzes for vitamin content all foods submitted by commercial manufacturers for adoption by the Army. Also, he works out the components of each of the new Army combat rations. K ration was almost exclusively his, and he has made improvements in the C, the D and the new jungle-and-mountain rations. He sees to it that under all conditions every American soldier gets 3,700 calories in his daily ration, as compared with the 2,000 calories consumed by the average civilian. One of his more recent developments is the handful of dry powder which miraculously becomes cereal (with sugar and cream) when a little water is added.

Head of the Dehydrated Products Branch is Lt. Matthew E. Highlands. Lt. Highlands, who holds degrees from M.I.T. and the University of Maine, was a quartermaster officer in the field before he was transferred into the food laboratory. *Who's Who* lists him as professor of bacteriology at the University of Maine, and one of the nation's leading food technologists.

Most of the tremendous strides in dehydrated foods can be traced to Lt. Highlands. He supervised the development of powdered apricots and prunes, dehydrated turnips, powdered cranberry-juice cocktail, powdered tomato-juice cocktail, instant cocoa, and powdered baked beans which he describes as "a helluva lot better than the old kettle beans." He is always trying to improve and further condense standard products like dried milk and eggs, and dehydrated potatoes and on-



The apple changes its complexion.

ions. His latest accomplishment is a bar of onions no bigger than a small cake of soap, which when rehydrated, swells up to the equivalent of seven pounds of fresh onions.

"Our job," says Lt. Highlands, "is to turn out dehydrated food which retains its vitamin content, and looks and tastes like the thing our boys have been eating all their lives. That's where we've got the jump on the Germans. Their dehydrated stuff is just a series of tasteless, colorless powders, only one half as nourishing as ours, by actual test. Starving German soldiers have been captured in the Egyptian desert with their pockets full of German dehydrated foods. It was so tasteless and unappetizing they couldn't eat it."

Lt. L. W. Horne, an Infantry officer, was on the research staff of the chemistry department, Purdue University. At Purdue, he worked under the famous Dr. H. R. Kraver, and helped develop an effective method of controlling spoilage in meats. Here at the Subsistence Lab, he is continuing his work as the expert on fats. If a certain



What goes in a K ration supper unit.

fat or butter spoils in the field, he analyzes it for the cause and corrective. One of his babies is the universally-used "Army Spread," which is an amazing butter capable of retaining its taste and consistency at temperatures ranging from 50 degrees below zero to 150 degrees above.

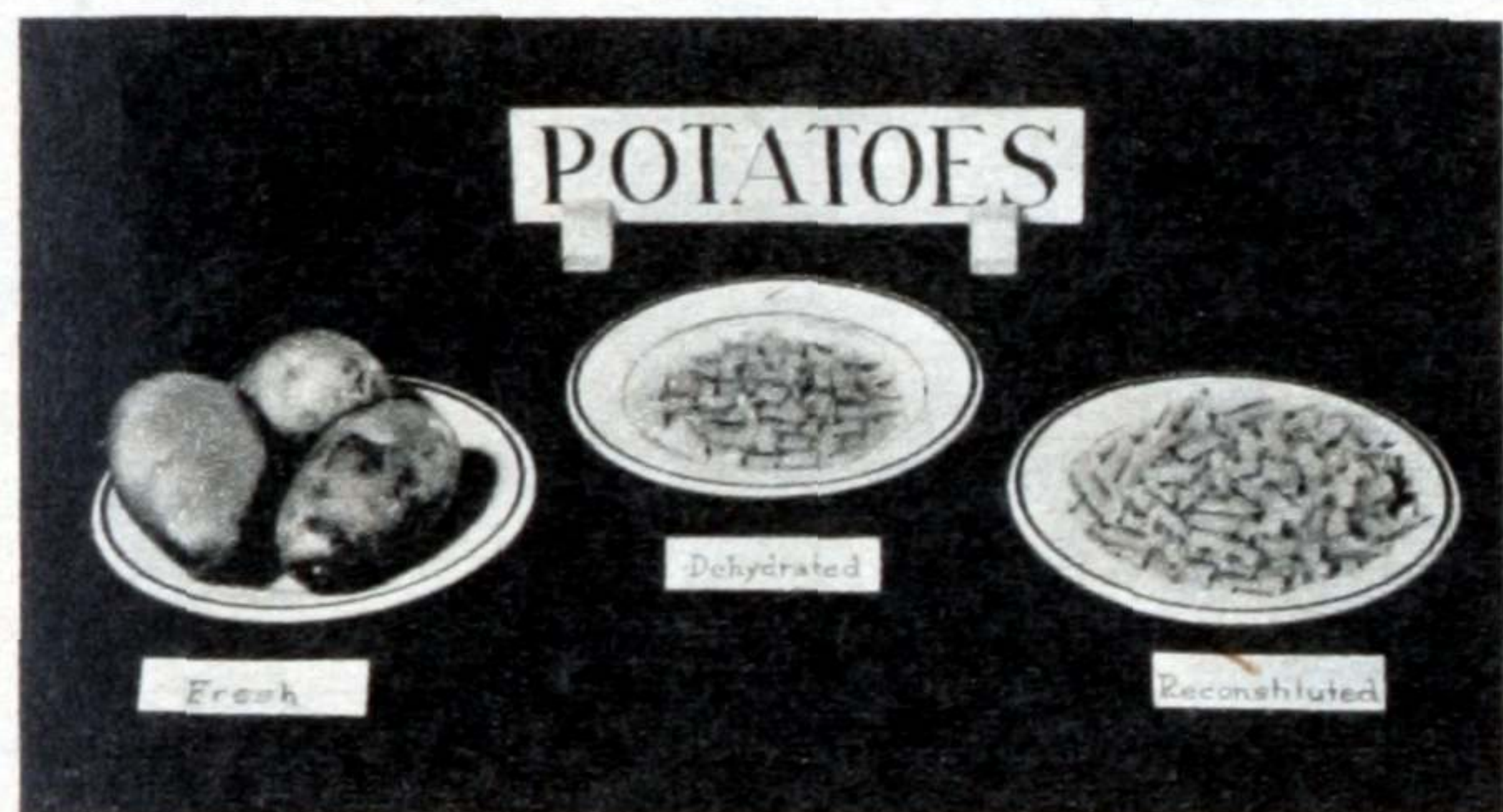
Lt. W. W. McGee, an infantry officer who studied at Oklahoma A. and M., is the packaging e

pert. He tests all new packages for proof against water, heat, cold, wear, insects and poison gas. Only if they meet the most rigid scientific tests does he recommend their adoption for specialized Army use. He helped develop the standard container in which dehydrated foods are now shipped. This is a so-called three-in-one package, consisting of a waterproof hard-fibre box, enclosing a lead-foil box, which in turn encloses a glassine box.

"The only living creature outside of a mess sergeant that can get into that thing," says Lt. McGee, "is a termite with a diamond-head drill."

The chief of the Bacteriology Branch is Lt. S. G. Dunlop, formerly a research bacteriologist at the University of Colorado School of Medicine. It's his job to discover the cause of spoilage in any ration adopted by the Army. His laboratory has cabinets in which are reproduced the temperature and humidity of every climate in which American troops are forced to go. Foods are placed in these cabinets for 30 days and tested for bacterial spoilage by complicated chemical processes. No ration is prepared for any specific part of the world. U.S. Army rations must be usable anywhere.

The axiom of the laboratory is test, test, and test again. The actual food products are not manufactured here. Usually the lab develops specifications for a new food. Then the specifications are turned over to commercial manufacturers for mass production, under rigid Army inspection. After a food has passed its preliminary labora-



The potato doesn't look like itself.

tory approval, it is submitted to a less formal but equally effective form of examination. Every day at noon, the entire staff of the lab, from Col. Isker down through the civilian secretaries and enlisted men, sits at a big table known as the "Guinea Pig Club" and eats the new foods, prepared by dietitian Marian Bollman. After the meal, the "guinea pigs" write their opinions of the food on unsigned form cards. They can and, on occasion, do write: "It stinks."

The next step is actual tests in the field. The food or combat ration is fed to a unit at Fort Benning, a unit at Camp Young in the blistering California Desert, and a unit in the sub-zero temperatures of Mt. Rainier. The men are given physical examinations, put through their regular training routine for a number of days, and then tested physically again. They, too, are given form cards to register anonymously their personal feelings toward the food. They, too, if they are so inclined, can say: "It stinks."

If enough of them did, the food would never get out into the field.

But none of them has held his nose between his fingers yet.

Soldiers of the Test-Tube Front

Lt. Woodrow W. Bailey, ex-professor at Texas A. and M. and a leading meat and dairy expert, sums it up thusly: "We realize our responsibility. We're not kidding ourselves about just creating foods to win the war. We know that we're creating foods that will have to feed the world when the war's over. Our dried milk, and dehydrated vegetables, and canned ham and eggs will be on every housewife's shelf—we've revolutionized the food industry that much."

"But somehow all that doesn't seem very important right now."

"What is important is that we've all been out in the field, and we know what a decent meal means—especially when you're cut off in a ravine somewhere and surrounded by a thousand Japs."

"We keep saying over and over to ourselves: 'Suppose I'm transferred back into the field tomorrow, suppose I'm getting ready to bust out of that ravine surrounded by the thousand Japs, how will I like this food; and how good will it be for me?'"

That's how we've licked the Axis on the test-tube front.



Crammed into MacArthur's headquarters are men who can say "I was there."

These Clerks Saw Action

Desk men in MacArthur's GHQ won stripes the hard way—under fire.

By SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA [By Cable]—The anchor chain of a U. S. Navy vessel clanked and the propellers stopped churning. It was a moonlit tropical night as in a South Sea movie, deathly silent save for waves breaking on the beach half a mile away. But it was not a romantic night.

There were 16 American soldiers aboard with a mission to accomplish. They dumped gasoline drums overboard. The only way to get them ashore was to haul them to the surf and then let them ride the rest of the way. Small boats would have capsized in the breakers or smashed on the coral reefs.

Then the soldiers slipped into the dark waters bouyed up by bulky lifebelts and pulled the drums to the surf. They swam to the beach of Timor and, exhausted from crawling up the shore, slept on the sands.

When they awoke with the dawn the ship had vanished and the drums were strewn over the beach. Then began days of jungle hell. Each drum had to be rolled through knee-deep swamps to a secret Allied airfield two miles from the beach. Day after day with aching backs they slogged through the swamps rolling the drums.

After six days rations ran out. A big black native came to their rescue, trudging 50 miles through jungle paths to the nearest town to get more food. Finally, 24 days after arrival, the Yanks rolled their last drum to the airfield's camouflaged position. Sunburned, mosquito-swollen and weary, they piled into a Hudson bomber and flew back to Australia. There they heard that the mission had resulted in sinking Jap ships and in slowing down the enemy offensive against the island. It made the eventual capture of Timor more costly than it might have been. Gen. Brett rewarded each of the 16 with an individual citation.

Action a Prelude to GHQ Duty

The mission took place months ago, but Cpl. Kenneth Wold from Mitchell, S. Dak., will never forget any detail. Today he is corporal of the guard at Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters. He admits this is comparatively tame work. "I'd like to go on another mission sometime," he tells you between smart salutes to officers passing through the GHQ entrance.

Crammed into a few buildings comprising Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters are a dozen other men who can say "I was there"—Yanks from the fox holes of Bataan, from bomb-battered Corregidor and the Java jungles and other far-flung places

where American soldiers are fighting this war.

They're sleeping in real beds and eating from china plates. Carrying extra stripes, too. The silent halls are the strangest contrast to the concussion-rocked slit trenches they once huddled in. The feeble clatter of typewriters is much different from the satanic stutter of machine guns. And most of these men who saw action won their promotions the hard way, not back in American training camps but under fire.

Rescued Car from Bombed Garage

First Sgt. Francis Klaiber is an appropriate top kick for GHQ filled with such "I-was-there" men. He's a stocky Army veteran from Renovo, Pa., who has been recommended for citation because of his action in Java.

Seventeen Jap bombers thundered over the American base in Java dumping bombs that hit an Army garage. Klaiber ran to the flaming structure and jumped into the staff car with four shrapnel-flattened tires, a leaking gas tank and a burning rear end.

Someone yelled, "Hey, you'll ruin the tires!" But Klaiber drove the car to safety from the burning garage and the rescued vehicle later proved invaluable.

It's a far cry from ducking Jap bombers to supervising janitors and washwomen for Sgt. Santiago J. Salaberry of King City, Calif., now a GHQ provost sergeant. Back in Java he was responsible for saving every one of his unit's vehicles from Jap bombers. He drove cars and trucks two miles into the woods and laughed as the Japs bombed garages daily.

Nightmares from his hectic experiences in the Philippines still haunt T/Sgt. Frank Benham of Tulsa, Okla., not because of the hardships he endured there, but because he was charged with thousands of Air Force service records as Clark Field personnel sergeant major. The field was the first and main Jap target because it was the hub of American airpower in the Philippines.

All units at the field dumped their service records in Benham's lap for safekeeping. For some uncanny reason the Japs seemed to be after the service records.

"Three times I carted them to different hiding places," he says, "and three times the Japs made targets of those places. Somehow I managed to save all but a few and to get through safely to Australia. If I hadn't, thousands of airmen might have ended up unpaid and recordless."

"There was humor even in war's grimness," he added. "On the ship taking soldiers from Bataan to Corregidor one soldier was so rattled at the swooping Jap planes that he threw his field pack—rifle, gas mask, helmet and cartridge belt—overboard and dived in himself. He was rescued without his equipment to the accompaniment of curses by his supply sergeant."

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

Football

in

Alaska



Pvt. Gordon Hill (Washington State star) is off for a run around end. Hill's team won Alaskan G. I. football championship.



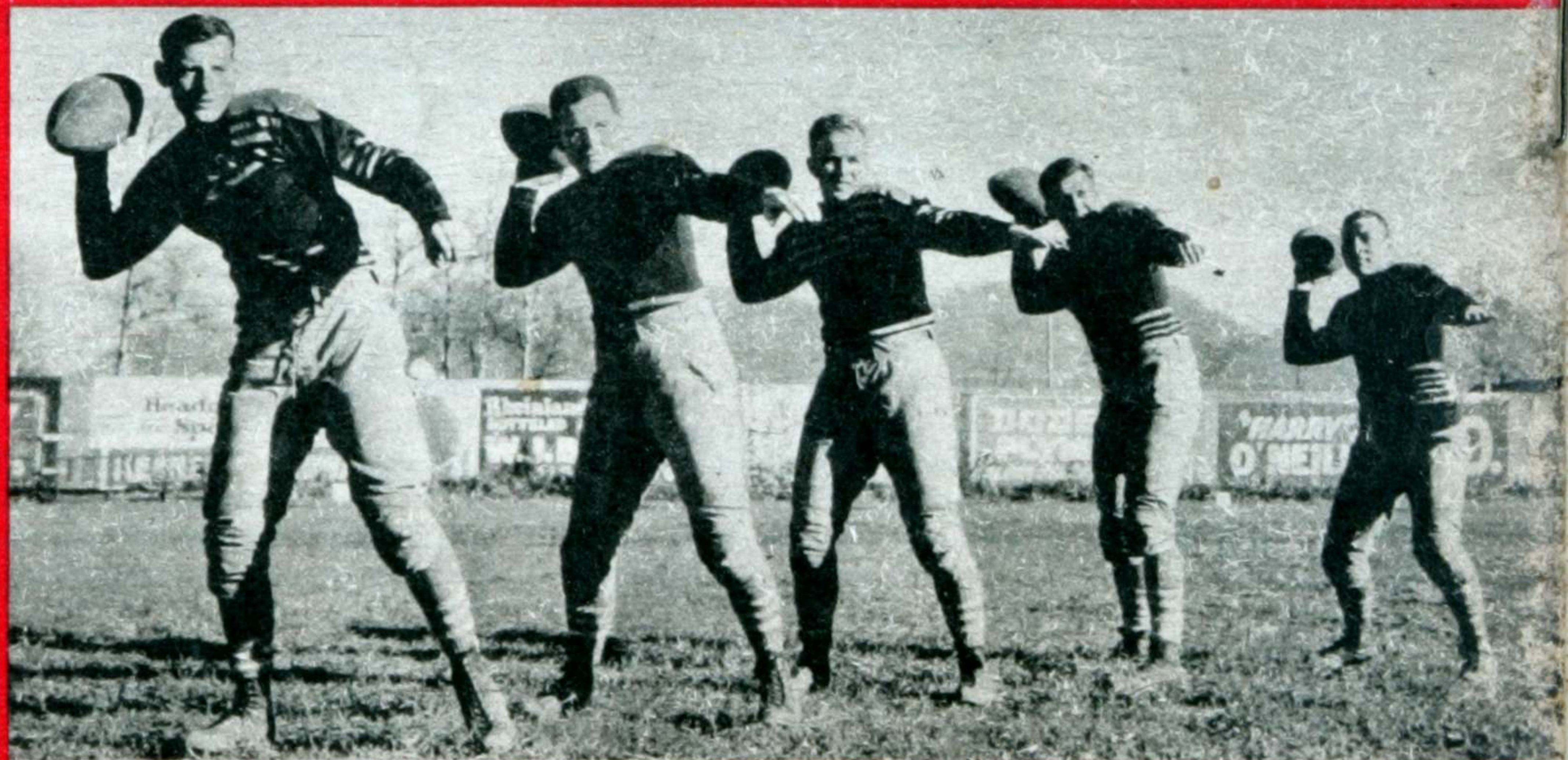
Fort Censored Air Corps vs. Fort Censored All-Stars. Pvt. Irving Roth (Brooklyn College) of the All-Stars makes 40 yards. Roth's outfit won, 13-6.

HOW TO GET YANK

YANK is now printed in England and will come to you every week with the "Stars and Stripes" which is issued daily. Field Agents will deliver every day to your outfit.

YANK every week and six issues of "Stars and Stripes" sets you back sixpence a week in money and sets you ahead with up-to-date news of the war, the army and navy, sports and events at home.

If there is no "Stars and Stripes" or YANK agent yet appointed in your outfit, write or get your CO or Company clerk to write, saying: "We want YANK." Address: YANK, Printing House Square, London.



Shining lights of the All-Stars team (l. to r.): Pvt. Gordon Hill, Washington State; Pvt. William Jones, Wisconsin Teachers; Sgt. Vern Bybee, Downey, Ida.; Pfc. Steve Pentek, Marquette, and Pvt. Charles Wright, Camden, Ark.